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## Poetry.

For the BLADE.

### TO A MOUSE.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

Poor little mouse!
It seems a burning pity
That in a whole, big city
There is not one human heart
Willing to give the part
Of its house,
Poor mouse!
But with intellect so grand
As to compass sea and land,
Will narrow down the mind,
Some cunning way to find,
That will check thy breath of wind,
Poor mouse!

II.

How very wise,
Were once those little eyes!
Peeping out from nook and cranny,
Just to see if there was any
Nice breakfast to be had,
To make wife and children glad.
For like any other
Father or brother—
He had children to provide for—
To plunder and to hide for;
Then who could blame or chide for
Such industry and love.
And it only took a nibble—
The merest little dribble
From an overladen table,
To make poor mousy able
To keep boarders by the dozen—
Uncle, and Aunt, and Cousin!
We were ungrateful sinners,
To grudge such little dinners,
When every blessed day,
We throw enough away
Of good substantial rations
For him and his relations!
Yet we fix a strong garote
To choke that little throat:
And we treat his little orphans
As Simon did the Dauphin—
Fogetting One above,
Whose every thought is love!
No tender thoughts arouse
Within our human bosoms
For the little springing blossoms
Of thy desolated house—
Poor Mouse!

III.

How do we know
But as we treat thee, so
Shall we be treated? That's the silver rule—
A rule more fitted for a bad world's school,
Than that fair golden one the good Lord gave us,
Which we so seldom follow—heaven save us!
But when sweet food is offered to our passions,
Reckless that we are following beastly fashions,
We grasp the tempting fruit
Like Eve, at Satan's suit,
And, ere we fairly taste it—souse!
Our necks are caught like thine, poor mouse!
Poor evil treated, innocent little mouse—
Poor Mouse!

IV.

And so we think it a most burning pity
That in so large, so pillaging a city
A poor, industrious, little family mouse
Cannot enjoy the freedom of the house;
Its finest laces and its bank notes too
To make its baby's bed soft, as *we* do!
For what else, pray, can it see any use of
Such soft and delicate things?
We make a goose of
Ourself, by decking up with little laces
The form where God implanted heavenly graces.
But mousey, by his maker grandly dressed,
Takes such soft nothings to make soft his nest,
As birds get wool and mosses, and the hornet
Rifles the fence of every fibre on it,
'Tis God who taught them all,
And only at the Fall
Did Eve first think of a spring dress or bonnet—
Sad fruits of her first sin,
For which we toil and spin!
We are not half so wise
With our far-reaching eyes,
As thou, bane of our house—
Thou evil-treated mouse—
Poor Mouse!

## A Charming Story.

[From "Little Brothers," a collection of Stories by Fitzhugh Ludlow, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

### A BRACE OF BOYS.

[CONCLUDED.]

With both of my nephews hopelessly enamored, and myself the confidant of both, I had my hands full. Daniel was generally dejected and distrustful; Billy buoyant and jolly. Daniel found it impossible to overcome his bashfulness; was spontaneous only in sonnets, brilliant only in bouquets. Billy was alway coming to me with pleasant news, told in his slangy New York boy vernacular. One day he would exclaim,—"Oh, I'm getting on prime! I got such a smile off her this morning as I went by the window!" Another day he wanted counsel how to get a valentine to her,—because it was too big to shove in a lamp-post, and she might catch him if he left it on the steps, ring the bell, and ran away. Daniel wrote his own valentine; but, despite its originality, that document gave him no such comfort as Billy got from twenty-five cents' worth of embossed paper, pink Cupids, and doggerel. Finally, Billy announced to me that he had been to play with Jimmy, and got introduced to his girl.

Shortly after this Lu gave what they call "little company,"—not a party, but a reunion of forty or fifty people with whom the family were well acquainted, several of them living in our immediate neighborhood. There was a goodly proportion of young folks, and there was to be dancing; but the music was limited to a single piano played by the German exile usual on such occasions, and the refreshments did not rise to the splendor of a costly supper. This kind of compromise with fashionable gayety was wisely deemed by Lu the best method of introducing Daniel to the *beau monde*,—a push given the timid eaglet by the maternal bird, with a soft tree-top between him and the vast expanse of society. How simple was the entertainment may be inferred from the fact that Lu felt somewhat discomposed when she got a note from one of her guests asking leave to bring along her niece, who was making her a few weeks' visit. As a matter of course, however, she returned answer to bring the young lady and welcome.

Daniel's dressing room having been given up to the gentlemen I invited him to make his toilet in mine, and, indeed, wanting him to create a favorable impression, became his valet *pro tem.*, tying his cravat, and teasing the divinity student look out of his side-hair. My little dandy Billy came in for another share of attention, and when I managed to button his jacket for him so that it showed his shirt-studs "like a man's," Count d'Orsay could not have felt a more pleasing sense of his sufficiency for all demands of the gay world.

When we reached the parlor we found Pa and Ma Lovegrove already recieving. About a score of guests had arrived. Most of them were old married couples, which, after paying their devoirs, fell in two like unriveted scissors,—the gentlemen finding a new pivot in pa and the ladies in ma, where they mildly opened and shut upon such questions as severally concerned them, such as "the way gold closed," and "how the children were."

Besides the old married people there were several old young men of distinctly hopeless and unmarried aspect, who, having nothing in common with the other class, nor sufficient energy of character to band themselves for mutual protection, hovered dejectedly about the arch pillars, or appeared to be considering whether, on the whole, it would not be feasible or best to sit down on the centre-table. These subsisted upon such crumbs of comfort as Lu could get an occasional chance to throw them by rapid sorties of conversation,—became galvanically active the moment they were punched up, and fell flat the moment the punching was remitted. I did all I could for them, but, having Daniel in tow, dared not sail too near the edge of the Doldrums, lest he should drop into sympathetic stagnation and be taken preternaturally bashful, with his sails all aback, just as I wanted to carry him gallantly into action with some clipper-built cruiser of a nice young lady. Finally, Lu bethought herself of that last plank of drowning conversationists, the photograph album. All the dejected young men made for it at once, some reaching it just as they were about to sink for the last time, but all getting a grip on it somehow, and staying there in company with other people's babies whom they didn't know, and celebrities whom they knew to death, until, one by one, they either stranded upon a motherly dowager by the Fire-place Shoals, or were rescued from the Sofa Reef by some gallant wrecker of a strong-minded young lady, with a view to taking salvage out of them in the German.

Besides these were already arrived a dozen nice little boys and girls, who had been invited to make it pleasant for Billy. I had to remind him of the fact that they were his guests, for, in comparison with the queen of his affections, they were in danger of being despised by him as small fry.

The younger ladies and gentlemen,—those who had fascinations to disport, or were in the habit of disporting what they considered such, were probably still at home consulting the looking glass until that oracle should announce the auspicious moment for their setting forth.

Daniel was in conversation with a perfect godsend of a girl, who understood Latin and had begun Greek. Billy was taking a moment's vacation from his boys and girls, busy with "Old Maid" in the extension-room, and whispering, with his hand in mine, "Oh, don't I wish she were here!" when a fresh invoice of ladies, just unpacked from the dressing-room in all the airy elegance of evening costume, floated through the door. I heard Lu say,—

"Ah, Mrs. Rumbullion! Happy to see your niece, too. How d'ye do, Miss Pilgrim?"

At this last word Billy jumped as if he had been shot, and the bevy of ladies opening about sister Lu disclosed the charming face and figure of the pretty girl we had met at Barnum's.

Billy's countenance rapidly changed from astonishment to joy.

"Isn't that splendid, Uncle Teddy? Just as I was wishing it! It's just like the fairy books!" and, rushing up to the party of new-comers, "My dear Lottie!" cried he, "if I'd only known you were coming I'd have gone after you!"

As he caught her by the hand I was pleased to see her soft eyes brighten with gratification at his enthusiasm, but my sister Lu looked on naturally with astonishment in every feature.

"Why, Billy!" said she, "you ought not to call a strange young lady '*Lottie!*' Miss Pilgrim, you must excuse my wild boy"—

"And you must excuse my mother, Lottie," said Billy affectionately patting Miss Pilgrim's rose kid, "for calling you a strange young lady. You are not strange at all—you're just as nice a girl as there is."

"There are no excuses necessary," said Miss Pilgrim, with a bewitching little laugh. "Billy and I know each other intimately well, Mrs. Lovegrove; and I confess that when I heard the lady aunt had been invited to visit with his mother, I felt all the more willing to infringe etiquette this evening by coming where I had no previous introduction."

"Don't you care!" said Billy, encouragingly. "I'll introduce you to every one of our family; I know 'em if you don't."

At this moment I came up as Bill's reinforcement, and fearing lest in his enthusiasm he might forget the canon of society which introduces a gentleman to a lady, not the lady to him, I ventured to suggest it delicately by saying,—

"Billy, will you grant me the favor of a presentation to Miss Pilgrim?"

"In a minute, Uncle Teddy," answered Billy, considerably lowering his voice. "The older people first;" and after this reproof I was left to wait in the cold until he had gone through the ceremony of introducing to the young lady his father and his mother.

Billy, who had now assumed entire guardianship of Miss Pilgrim, with an air of great dignity intrusted her to my care and left us promenading while he went in search of Daniel. I myself looked in vain for that youth, whom I had not seen since the entrance of the last comers.—Miss Pilgrim and I found a congenial common ground in Billy, whom she spoke of as one of the most delightfully original boys she had ever met; in fact, altogether the most fascinating young gentleman she had seen in New York society. You may be sure it wasn't Billy's left ear which burned when I made my responses.

In five minutes he reappeared to announce, in a tone of disappointment, that he could find Daniel nowhere. He could see a light through his keyhole, but the door was locked and he could get no admittance. Just then Lu came up to present a certain—no, an uncertain—young man of the fleet stranded on parlor furniture earlier in the evening. To Lu's great astonishment Miss Pilgrim asked Billy's permission to leave him. It was granted with all the courtesy of a *preux chevalier*, on the condition, readily assented to by the lady, that she should dance one Lancers with him during the evening.

"Dear me," exclaimed Lu, after Billy had gone back like a superior being to assist at the childish amusement of his contemporaries. "Would anybody ever suppose that was our Billy?"

"I should, my dear sister," said I, with proud satisfaction; "but you remember I always was just to Billy."

Left free, I went myself to hunt up Daniel. I found his door locked and a light showing through the keyhole, as Billy had stated. I made no attempt to enter by knocking; but going to my room and opening the window next his, leaned out as far as I could, shoved up his sash with my cane, and pushed aside his curtain. Such a method of communication could not fail to bring him to the window with a rush. When he saw me he trembled like a guilty thing, his countenance fell, and, no longer able to feign absence, he unlocked his door and let me enter by the normal mode.

"Why, Daniel Lovegrove, my nephew, what does this mean? Are you sick?"

"Uncle Edward, I am not sick,—and this means that I am a fool. Even a little boy like Billy puts me to shame. I feel humbled to the very dust. I wish I'd been a missionary and got massacreed by savages. Oh that I'd been permitted to wear damp stockings in childhood, or that my mother hadn't carried me through the messles! If it weren't wrong to take my life into my own hands, I'd open that window, and—and—sit in a draught this very evening. Oh, yes, I'm just that bitter. Oh, oh, oh!"

And Daniel paced the floor with strides of frenzy.

"Well, my dear fellow, let's look at the matter calmly a minute. What brought on this sudden attack? You seemed doing well enough the first ten minutes after we came down. I was only out of your sight long enough to speak to the Rumbullion party who had just come in, and when I turned around you were gone. Now you are in this fearful condition. What is there in the Rumbullions to start you off on such a bender of bashfulness as this which I here behold?"

"Rumbullion indeed!" said Daniel. "A hundred Rumbullions could not make me feel as I do. But *she* can shake me into a whirlwind with her little finger; and *she* came with the Rumbullions!"

"What! D'you—Miss Pilgrim?"

"Miss Pilgrim!"

I labored with Daniel for ten minutes, using every encouragement and argument I could think of, and finally threatened him that I would bring up the whole Rumbullion party, Miss Pilgrim included, telling them that he had invited them to look at his conchological cabinet, unless he instantly shook the ice out of his manner and accompanied me downstairs. This dreadful menace had the desired effect. He knew that I would not scruple to fulfil it; and at the same time that it made him surrender, it also provoked him with me to a degree which gave his eyes and check as fine a glow as I could have wished for the purpose of a favorable impression. The stimulus of wrath was good for him, and there was little tremor in his knees when he descended the stairs. Well-a-day? So Daniel and Billy were rivals!

The latter gentleman met us at the foot of the staircase.

"Oh, there you are, Daniel!" said he, cheerily. "I was just going to look after you and Uncle Teddy. We've wanted you for the dances. We've had the Lancers twice and three round dances; and I danced the second Lancers with Lottie. Now we're going to play some games,—to amuse the children, you know," he added, loftily, with the adult gesture of pointing his thumb over his shoulder at the extension room. "Lottie's going to play, too; so will you and Daniel, won't you, uncle? Oh, here comes Lottie now! This is my brother, Miss Pilgrim,—let me introduce him to you. I'm sure you'll like him. There's nothing he don't know."

Miss Pilgrim had just come to the newel-post of the staircase, and, when she looked into Daniel's face, blushed like the red, red rose, losing her self-possession perceptibly more than Daniel. The courage of weak warriors and timid gallants mounts as the opposite party falls, and Daniel made out to say, in a firm tone, that it was long since he had enjoyed the pleasure of meeting Miss Pilgrim.

"Not since Mrs. Cramcroud's last sociable, I think," replied Miss Pilgrim, her cheeks and eyes still playing the tell-tale.

"Oho! so you don't want any introduction!" exclaimed Master Billy. "I didn't know you knew each other, Lottie?"

"I have met Mr. Lovegrove in society. Shall we go and join in the plays?"

"To be sure we shall!" cried Billy. "You needn't mind,—all the grown people are going to."

On entering the parlor we found it as he had said. The guests being almost all well acquainted with each other, at the solicitation of jolly little Mrs. Bloomingal, sister Lu had consented to make a pleasant Christmas kind of time of it, in which everybody was permitted to be young again, and romp with the rompiest. We played Blindman's bluff till we were tired of that,—Daniel to Lu's great delight, coming out splendidly as Blindman, and evincing such "cheek" in the style he hunted down and caught the ladies, as satisfied me that nothing but his eyesight stood in the way of his making an audacious figure in the world. Then a pretty little girl, Tilly Turtelle, who seemed quite a premature flirt, proposed "Door-keeper," a suggestion accepted with great *éclat* by all the children, several grown people assenting.

To Billy—quite as much on account of his shining prominence in the executive faculties as of his character as host—was committed the duty of counting out the first person to be sent into the hall. There were so many of us that "Ama-mains-mona-mike" would not go quite round; but, with that promptness of expedient which belongs to genius, Billy instantly added on, "Intery-mintery-cutery-corn," and the last word of the cabalistic formula fell upon me,—Edward Balbus. I disappeared into the entry amidst peals of happy laughter from both old and young, calling, when the door opened again to ask me whom I wanted, for the pretty lisping flirt who had proposed the game. After giving me a coquettish little chirrup of a kiss, and telling me my beard scratched, she bade me, on my return, send out to her "Mithter Billy Lovegrove." I obeyed her; my youngest nephew retired; and after a couple of seconds, during which Tilly undoubtedly got what she proposed the game for, Billy being a great favorite with the little girls, she came back, pouting and blushing, to announce that he wanted Miss Pilgrim. That young lady showed no mock-modesty, but arose at once, and laughingly went out to her youthful admirer, who, as I afterward learned, embraced her ardently, and told her he loved her better than any girl in the world. As he turned to go back, she told him that he might send to her one of her juvenile cousins, Reginald Rumbullion. Now, whether because on this youthful Rumbullion's account Billy had suffered the pangs of that most terrible passion, jealousy, or from his natural enjoyment of playing practical jokes destructive of all dignity in his elders, Billy marched into the room, and, having shut the door behind him, paralyzed the crowded parlor by an announcement that Mr. Daniel Lovegrove was wanted.

I was standing at his side, and could feel him tremble,—see him turn pale.

"Dear me!" he whispered, in a choking voice; "can she mean me?"

"Of course she does," said I. "Who else? Do you hesitate? Surely you can't refuse such an invitation from a lady."

"No, I suppose not," said he, mechanically. And amidst much laughter from the disinterested, while the faces of Mrs. Rumbullion and his mother were spectacles of crimson astonishment, he made his exit from the room. Never in my life did I so much long for that instrument described by Mr. Samuel Weller,—a pair of patent double-million magnifying microscopes of hextry power, to see through a deal door. Instead of this, I had to learn what happened only by report.

Lottie Pilgrim was standing under the hall burners with her elbow on the newel-post, looking more vividly charming than he had ever seen her before at Mrs. Cramcroud's sociable or elsewhere.—When startled by the apparition of Mr. Daniel Lovegrove instead of the little Rumbullion whom she was expecting,—she had no time to exclaim or hide her mounting color, none at all to explain to her own mind the mistake that had occurred, before his arm was clasped around her waist, and his lips so closely pressed to hers, that through her soft thick hair she could feel the throbbing of his temples. As for Daniel, he seemed in a walking dream, from which he waked to see Miss Pilgrim looking into his eyes with utter though not incensed stupefaction,—to stammer,—

"Forgive me! Do forgive me! I thought you were in earnest."

"So I was," she said, tremulously, as soon as she could catch her voice, "in sending for my cousin Reginald."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do! Believe me, I was told you wanted me,—let me go and explain it to mother—she'll tell the rest—I couldn't do it—I'd die of mortification. Oh, that wretched boy Billy!"

On the principle already mentioned, his agitation reassured her.

"Don't try to explain it now—It may yet get Billy a scolding. Are there any but intimate family friends here this evening?"

"No—I believe—no—I'm sure," replied Daniel, collecting his faculties.

"Then I don't mind what they think. Perhaps they'll suppose we've known each other long; but we will arrange it by-and-by. They'll think the more of it the longer we stay out here,—hear them laugh. I must run back now. I'll send you somebody."

A round of juvenile applause greeted her as she hurried into the parlor, and a number of grown people smiled quite musically. Her quick woman-wit showed her how to retaliate and divide the embarrassment of the occasion. As she passed me, she said in an undertone,—

"Answer quick! Who's that fat lady on the sofa that laughs so loud?"

"Mrs. Cromwell Craggs," said I, as quietly.

Miss Pilgrim made a satirically low courtesy, and spoke in a modest but distinct voice,—

"I really must be excused for asking. I'm a stranger, you know; but is there such a lady here as Mrs. Craggs,—Mrs. Cromwell Craggs? For if so, the present door-keeper would like to see Mrs. Cromwell Craggs."

Then came the turn of the fat lady to be laughed at; but out she had to go to get kissed like the rest of us.

Before the close of the evening, Billy was made as jealous as his parents and I were surprised to see Daniel in close conversation with Miss Pilgrim among the geraniums and fuschias of the conservatory. "A regular flirtation," said Billy, somewhat indignantly. The conclusion which they arrived at was, that after all no great harm had been done, and that the dear little fellow ought not to be peached on for his fun. If I had known at the time how easily they forgave him, I should have suspected that the offence Billy had led Daniel into committing was not unlikely to be repeated on the offender's own account; but so much as I could see showed me that the ice was broken.

Billy's jealousy did not outlast the part. He became more and more interested in "his girl," and often went in the afternoon, after getting out of school, ostensibly to play with Jimmy. Daniel's calls, according to adult etiquette made in the evening, did not interfere with my younger nephew's, and as neither knew that the other, after his fashion, was his most uncompromising rival, my position as the confidant of both was one of extreme delicacy. But the matter was more speedily settled than I expected.

Billy came to me one day and told me that he intended to get married immediately; that he was going to speak to his Lottie that very afternoon. He was prepared to meet every objection. He had asked his father if he might, and his father said yes, if he had money enough to support a wife,—and Billy thought he had. He'd saved up all the money his Uncle Tom and Aunt Jane had sent him for Christmas; and besides, if he were once married, his father wouldn't see him want for stamps, he knew. Then, too, he was going to leave school and be a merchant next year, and I'd help him now and then, if he got hard up, wouldn't I? If he were driven to it, he could be a good boy again, and save up the money to buy Lottie dresses instead of giving it to nasty old "Objecks." He was so much older than when he had the savings bank that he ought to have at least ten cents a day now for being good; didn't I think that was fair? As to his age, if Lottie loved him he didn't care—any way he'd be lots bigger than she was before long,—and he'd often heard his ma say she approved of early marriages; her's and pa's was one. So he ran off up Livingston Place, the most undaunted lover that ever put extra shine on his proposal boots, or spent half an hour on the bow of his popping neck tie.

Shortly after Daniel went into the street. Not meaning to call upon his *inamorata*, but, drawn by the irresistible fascination of passing her house, he strolled in the direction that Billy had gone. As he came to the Rumbullions' something suddenly bade him enter,—a whim he called it, but not his own,—one of the whims of Destiny, which are always gratified.

"Yes, sir," said the servant, "Miss Pilgrim is in. I will call her."

His step was always light. He passed noiselessly into the front parlor, and sat down among the heavy brocatelle curtains which shadowed a recess of one of the windows. He supposed Miss Pilgrim to be upstairs, and while his heart fluttered, expecting her footfall at the parlor door, he heard an earnest, boyish voice in the extension room. Looking from his concealment, he beheld Mrs. Pilgrim on a sofa in the pier, and sitting by her side, with her hand clasped in his, his brother Billy. Before he could avoid it, he became aware that Billy was unconscientiously but eagerly forestalling him.

"Now, Lottie, my dear Lottie! I wish you would! I'll do everything I can to make you happy. If you'll only marry me, I'll be good all the time! Come, now! Say yes! Father's got a nice place over the stable—they only use it for a tool-room now; we could clear it out and have it scrubbed, and go to house-keeping right away. Ma'd let us have her old set of china; I've got a silver mug Uncle Teddy gave me, and a napkin ring and four spoons. As soon as I make my money I'll buy you a nice carriage and horses, any color you want e'm. Oh, my darling, darling Lottie, I do love you so much, and we could have such a splendid time. Do say yes, Lottie, please, do please."

Miss Pilgrim looked at the earnest little suitor with a face in which tender interest and compassion quite overrode any sense of the whimsicality of the situation which might lurk there. Daniel's astonishment at the sight was so great that he realized the entire state of the case before he could recover himself sufficiently to rise and go into the back room.

Billy jumped up and looked defiantly at the intruder. Miss Pilgrim blushed violently, but turned away her head to avoid the exhibition of a still more convulsive emotion than embarrassment.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Pilgrim,—and yours too, Billy," began Daniel in a hesitating way, hardly knowing how to treat the posture in which he found things; "but—you see—the fact is—the servant said she'd come to announce me—and really, when I came in, I hadn't any idea you were here, or Billy either."

"Then," said Billy, moderating the defiant attitude, "you truly weren't dodging around and trying to find out what Lottie and I were about on the sly? Well, I'll believe you. I'm sure you couldn't be as mean as that when I'm the only brother you've got, that always brings you oranges when you're sick and never plays ball on the stairs when you've got a headache. Now, then, I'll trust you. I've been asking Lottie to marry me, and I want you to help me. Ask her if she won't, Daniel,—see if she won't do it for you."

Miss Pilgrim had been trying to find words; but her face was too much for her and she was obliged to seek retirement in her handkerchief. As she drew it from her pocket a well-worn piece of paper followed it and fell upon the floor.—Billy picked it up before she saw it and was about to hand it to her, when his eye fell upon a withered rosebud sewed to its margin. As he looked at it, with his little brows knit into a precocious sternness, he recognized his brother's handwriting immediately beneath the flower. It was one of the daily anonymous sonnets of which Daniel had told me, and the bud a relic of the boquet accompanying it. Still Daniel was silent. What else could he be?

"Very well, very well, Master Daniel!" exclaimed Billy, in a voice trembling with grief and indignation; "there's good enough reason why you won't speak a word for me! You want her yourself,—here it is in your own writing. No wonder you won't tell Lottie to be my wife when you're trying to take her away from me. O Lottie, dear Lottie! I love you just as much as he does, though I don't know everything, and can't write you poetry like it was out of the Fifth Reader! Daniel, how could you go and write to my Lottie this way: 'my churner,'—no, it isn't churner, it's 'charmer,'—'let me call thee mine'!"

Forgetting the sacredness of private MS. in that of private grief, he would have gone on, with a pause here and there for certainty of spelling, to the conclusion of the poem, had not Lottie sprung up with her imploring face suffused by her discovery, for the first time, of the identity of her secret lover and the escape of his sonnet from her pocket. It was too late! There he stood before her unmistakably proved, and himself unmistakably proving in what estimation she held his verses and bouquets.

"O Billy, dear Billy! if you do love me don't do so!" So exclaiming, she held out her hand, and Billy put the MS. into it with all the dignity of a wounded spirit.

"Mr. Lovegrove," said Miss Pilgrim, "I don't know what to do."

"I feel very much that way myself," said Daniel.

"*I don't!*" said Billy, now in command of his voice. "I'll tell you what it is; perhaps Daniel didn't know how much I wanted you, Lottie,—and perhaps he wants you 'most as bad as I do. But whatever way it is, I want you to choose between us fair and square and no dodging. Come now! You can take just whichever one of us you please, and the other won't lay up any grudge, though I know if that's me or like me he'll feel awful. You can have till to-morrow morning to make up your mind between me and Daniel; and if he won't say anything about it to pa and ma till then I won't. Good by, dear Lottie!"

He drew her face down to his, kissed her most affectionately, and then marched out of the door, feeling, as he afterwards told me, as if he'd blacked his boots all for nothing. Ah me! my dear Billy, how many times we do that in this world! O what followed when Daniel and Miss Pilgrim was left alone I have never had full details.

But I do know that the young lady obeyed Billy and made her choice. Six months after that both my nephews stood up in Mrs. Rumbullion's parlor to take their several shares in a ceremony of which Miss Pilgrim was the central figure when it began, and Mrs. Daniel Lovegrove when it concluded. Time and the elasticity of boyhood had so closed the sharp but evanescent wound in Billy's heart that he could stand the trial of being groomsman where he had wanted to be groom, more especially since he was supported through the emergency by a little sister of Lottie's, who promises to be wondrously like her by the time Billy can stand up in the more enviable capacity. Neither Daniel nor Lottie would listen to any objection to such a groomsman on the score of his extreme youth; for, as they said, Billy had been quite as instrumental in bringing them together as any agent save the Divinity shaping all the ends and tying all the knots in which there are heart-strings concerned as well as white ribbon.

Since then Lu has stopped wishing that Billy were like Daniel, for she sees that, if he had been, there would never have been any Mrs. Daniel Lovegrove in the world.

* * *

### The First Baby.

In these pleasant days, when perambulators fill all the pleasant places, pushed by their neat attendants, and filled with a priceless parcel that, out of all its foam of laces and embroideries, winks and wonders at the world around it, we are constantly led to remark upon the transcendent qualities, not of the sixth or seventh half so much as of the first baby. The lovely little stories that follow may tumble up in such clothes as are already at hand, with only here a ruffle and there a scollop of their own—good enough for vagrants—but the first heir is to be, and is, a mass of delightfully dainty newness. Flannel is not warm enough for it, swan's down is not soft enough, and, if the hoar frost of the hedges, bediamonded with the dew of the morning, were available, lace would not be good enough for it.

What a rapture that first baby is in the house where it comes. What importance belongs to all related, with their new dignities and weighty titles, while the young mother, just escaped from the awful gates, sees the little bundle on her pillow, composedly sleeping or staring, as if it had an equal right there with any one else; and she feels a surprise as great as if she had never expected it, together with, perhaps, something like an awe of herself on account of the great mysterios through which she has passed. And either parent looms in the other's eyes into a wonderful and mighty guardian angel, to be venerated, for the time being, beyond words.

Truly what a pathos, as well as a rapture of hopes and anticipations, hovers around those folds of flannel—the pity of it lest the half of those anticipations should never be fulfilled. And what moment the minor matters take upon themselves! What contentions arise regarding those chameleon eyes! what resemblances are discovered to family portraits, ugly yesterday as unknown shadows, but glorious to-day as baby's ancestors! by what divine instinct does it suck its thumb! and what miracle that it should not happen to be misshapen! To think of the day when it will go alone; to conjecture the voice in which it shall repeat "The Stag at Eve;" to imagine the hours when it may undergo these same experiences in its own turn; to dream concerning the fate before it; to know that this atom now of a day's experince already inherits eternity.

The time is too bright, the success of the thing is too intoxicating, not to need the shading of the reflection of stiller moments, when the mother, lying and holding that tiny hand in hers, feels that what she has become herself she has made this child; that where any sin has struck its dark tap-root into her blood, that sin has gone to her child; that wrong wishing, evil imaginings, selfish acts, now all come back to plague their inventor, and more than that, to plague and clog this precious spirit on its upward flight, till she expiates the faults of years in the apprehension and suffering of an hour.

Yet, in the ecstacy of the blissful season that comes but once, such thoughts can have but brief duration; there is but little time to spare out of the happiness, out of the marvel, of this new being starting on its course like a new star. Death fled from the place a moment since; the great breath of life blew in there; and their hearts have just been set beating in time and tune with all humanity. Their hearts have caught the key-note of the lives before and the lives that are to come; for certainly the childless must be aware that they drop out of the world like dead leaves, that they send no strength or vitality on to the future; they have no bond with it, no part in it, no right or room in the great and perfect race which one day shall blossom out of this; they fall by the way, and are no more.

But, that first baby is a pledge and an assurance of perpetuity to its parents; it links them, little creature that it is, with the destinies of the planet as nothing else can do; they will live again in that child's life; and they fancy that, carrying their noblest hopes and their best into the new generation, with virtue and heroism of its own, it will glorify their passive and undeveloped traits into splendid deeds, vital charities—traits that have slumbered unstirred in them as the seeds of oak and maple slumber beneath the shadow and density of dark primeval pine forests.

Well, little perambulators, as we look at you trundling on in the sunshine, we can not help thinking something of the same thoughts that your owners think concerning your laughing and cooing inmates. Your little wheels are wheels of fortune and wheels of time; you are chariots of history and of fame; the world waits upon you. And if those who guide you understand as much, and guide you well, calling health and wisdom to their side, it will not wait in vain.—*From Harper's Bazar.*

* * *

Julia Greenwood, widow of a private of Battery No 10, Wisconsin volunteers, who had a pension certificate for eight dollars per month, has returned the certificate to the Pension office with this endorsement:

"Having no further use for this yellow old friend, with many thanks for its past services, I return it to the government.

JULIA BARNEY."

The pensioner has re-married, and has now a new friend that sticks closer than a brother. This, she says, is better than a pension, although the pension was excellent in its time.

### Phenomena of the Fire.

There are some phases of the great calamity which fell upon this region last week, worthy of scientific investigation. The testimony of the cooler headed survivors of the fires at Peshtigo, the Sugar Bush and Williamsonville is united as to one phenomena. They say that the fire did not come upon them gradually, from burning trees or other objects to the windward, but the first notice they had of it was a whirlwind of flame, in great clouds, from above the tops of the trees, which fell upon and enveloped everything. The atmosphere seemed one of fire. The poor people inhaled it, or the intensely hot air, and fell down dead. This is verified by the appearance of many of the corpses. They were found dead in the roads and open spaces, where there were no visible marks of fire near by, with not a trace of burning upon their bodies or clothing. At the Sugar Bush, which is an extended clearing in some places four miles in width, corpses were found in the open road, between fences which were only slightly burned. No mark of fire was upon them, but they laid there, as it asleep.

This phenomena seems to explain the fact that so many were killed in compact masses. They seem to have huddled together in what were evidently regarded at the moment as the safest places, away from buildings, trees, or other inflammable material, and there to have died together.

Fences, around cleared fields, were burned in spots of only a few rods in length, and elsewhere not touched. Fish were killed in the streams—as at Peshtigo.

We hear the universal testimony the prevailing idea among the terror stricken people of those places was that the last day had come. They needed not to be terror stricken for such imaginings. What other explanations could be given at that imminent time, when there was an ominous warning sound coming from the distance, when the sky, so dark just before, burst into great clouds of fire, the beasts of the forest come running for succor into the midst of the settlements, and a great red, consuming, roaring hell of fire fell upon all round? The dreadful scene lacked nothing but the sounding of the last trump—and indeed the approach of the awful roaring and the premonitions from the distance supplied even that to the appalled imaginings of the people.

The Espy theory, we think it is, that continued and wide-spread fires will bring on rain, seems to be entirely exploded in this instance. These fires had lasted nearly or quite four weeks, ravaging forests over a great area, and still not a drop of rain. The rain only came with a change of wind to the northward, and several days after the worst burnings were over with.—*Green Bay Advocate.*

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### Sheridan in the Fire.

In the terrible ordeal through which the ill-fated city of Chicago has just passed, there appeared one man, at least, who, while the fiery tide swept over the city, was calm, collected and self-controlled amid the excitement prevailing all around him. That man was General Sheridan. As at Winchester, he arrived in time to rally his army and infuse spirit in his retiring soldiers to renew the struggle which secured them a glorious victory, so his presence at Chicago, when the city was wrapped in flames, had the effect of inspiring the almost despairing citizens with the hope that all was not yet lost. Self controlled, determined and vigilant, the hero of the Shenandoah Valley played a part in battling with the flames in the Garden City of the West, which will add to his renown and cause his name to be still more warmly cherished in the memory of his countrymen.—With his handful of men he accomplished wonders. Fighting fire with fire, destroying to prevent greater destruction, blowing up buildings, the ruins of which were to serve as barricades against the fast consuming flames, General Sheridan contested every inch its advance. As if Heaven itself smiled on the resoluteness with which the brave soldier fought for she safety of the homes of the unfortunate Chicagoans, it let fall copious torrents of rain to aid the strugglers, and thus the conflagration was stayed. But the labors of the soldier were not ended. Thousands of homeless men, women and children were without a place to lay their heads and without food to appease the cravings of hunger. For a second time did Sheridan's thoughtfulness and army experience come to the rescue. The tents and army rations provided through his forethought afforded shelter and food for the sufferers. This temporary relief bridged over the interim between the first effects of the terrible calamity and the reception of the first bounteous offerings of the people of the whole nation; who have never yet been deaf to the appeals of suffering or misfortune.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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### Sensible Words About Advertising.

The following is from the financial article of the *Journal of Commerce*, New York:

"People who sit nervously in counting-houses, or behind their goods, waiting for customers to take them by storm, and making no effort to let the world know the bargains they have to offer, will find the season very unpropitious. Many of those who have spent large sums in hiring drummers and paying for other well known appliances of trade, have effected large sales, but swallowed up too large a share of the receipts in such enormous attendant expenses. The best remuneration has been found by those who have returned to more legitimate old-fashioned methods of pushing their business. We say it, not simply because we are interested in this line of expenditure, but as our best advice to all who wish to be enterprising are, to secure a larger custom, there is nothing now so effective to this end as *judicious* advertising. A little advertising may be like a gentle touch of the whip to poor Dobbin's horse, "a money thrown away," but a liberal outlay is almost certain to bring it in a large return, and this will last even beyond the current season. We do not believe that any one who has valuable service or desirable property to offer can fail of a rich harvest by continuous advertising on a large scale."

* * *

The American Association for the Advancement of Science promises to meet in San Francisco next year, with the hope of having to join them there some of the leading English scientists, as Huxley, Tindall and Hooker, if the Californians will smooth the way peculiarly. Seven thousand five hundred dollars is required.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.
MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCT. 26, 1871.

### HOW TO REMIT.

Money sent to us by Express pre-paid, by draft on New York, Philadelphia, Toledo, Boston or by Post Office order, will be at our risk—otherwise at the risk of the sender.

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### CLUB RATES.

Additions may be made to clubs at any time at club rates, and the papers for a club will be sent to as many different Post Offices as desired. Agents will please remember this in making up their lists.

### WORKING TOOLS.

We furnish our Agents and all others who wish to get subscribers for the BLADE, with all the "working tools," such as posters specimen copies, &c., they can use to advantage. Send in your orders and they will be forwarded by return mail.

### SPECIMEN COPIES.

Remember that we send specimen copies *free and postage paid*, to any address sent us for that purpose, and we respectfully request our readers to send us the name of any of their friends who are not now subscribers and who they think would like to examine the BLADE. Send the names from as many different Post Offices as possible.

## HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

### The Best Reading Matter at the Lowest Prices.

### OUR REVISED CLUBBING LIST FOR 1871.

We ask the attention of our readers who want to take other papers and magazines in connection with the BLADE, to the following list by which they can secure the leading publications of the country at greatly reduced rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the same time one subscriber for the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from this list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new ones, subscribers may avail themselves of the offer:

MONTHLIES.

*The Atlantic Monthly*, price $4.00 a year and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.

*Scribner's Monthly*, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.25.

*Harper's Monthly*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.

*Lippincott's Monthly*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.

*The Galaxy*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.

*Our Young Folks*, price $2.00 and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

*Godey's Lady's Book*, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.00.

*Arthur's Home Magazine*, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

*The Little Corporal*, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.

*The Nursery*, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.

*American Agriculturist*, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.75.

*American Farm Journal*, price 75 cents and the BLADE both one year for $2.25.

*Whitney's Musical Guest*, price $1.00 and the BLADE both one year for $2.00.

WEEKLIES.

*Harper's Weekly*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75

*Harper's Bazar*, price $4.00 and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.

*Appleton's Journal*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.

*Prairie Farmer*, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

*Western Rural*, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

*The Chicago Advance*, price $2.50, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

*Every Saturday*, price $5.00, and the BLADE both one year for $5.75.

*Hearth and Home*, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.00.

*Rural New Yorker*, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.75.

*Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls*, price $2.50 and the BLADE both one year for $3.25.

*Waverly Magazine*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.

*New York Sun*, price $1.00, and the BLADE both one year for [illegible]

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates.

### THE DARIEN CANAL.

Commander Selfridge's report of the search and survey for a route for the Darien Canal has not been officially printed, but a reporter who has had a glance at its pages gives an abstract of the matter it contains. It is claimed that a practicable route has been discovered. As proposed in the survey accomplished, the canal will start from the Gulf of Darien, on the Atlantic slope, and proceeds up the Atrato River 150 miles to the mouth of the Napipi, one of the tributaries of the Atrato, and thence, in nearly a straight course, to the Pacific Ocean, at Cupica Bay. The harbors of the Darien Gulf and of Cupica Bay are said to be excellent, being undisturbed by the hurricanes of that part of the tropics and always tranquil. The Atrato River, as far up as the Napipi, is nowhere less than 30 feet in depth, and has a descent of only 90 feet, which it is proposed to overcome by nine locks of ten feet each. After these locks are passed, the canal has to be fed from the Napipi river, and the supply from the latter can, if necessary, be doubled by a feeder three miles long from the Bojaya. The greatest engineering difficulties are near the Pacific slope. A tunnel 170 feet in height, and 70 feet wide, will have to be run through the hills for five miles, and for three miles the proposed canal will have to be in a cutting of some 125 feet in depth. Such are the chief obstacles in the way, and, upon the question whether they can be surmounted turns the issue of the whole scheme. To show that the undertaking will not be impossible, the report presents the following statistics: The total excavation amounts to 31,234,105 cubic yards rock, 7,424,240 cubic yards tunnel work, 10,461,627 cubic yards earth.

SUMMARY OF ESTIMATED EXPENSES OF CONSTRUCTION.

| *Objects of Expenditure.* | *Expense.* |
|---|---|
| Rock excavation | $44,496,466 |
| Earth excavation | 3,416,795 |
| Twenty-two locks | 5,933,160 |
| Tunnel | 38,978,170 |
| Pier, Cupica Bay | 200,000 |
| Lighthouse and wall, Atrato River | 60,000 |
| Depots, Pacific, on the line, at junction | 100,000 |
| Executive Department | 120,000 |
| Engineer Department | 375,000 |
| Medical Department | 80,000 |
| Pay Department | 90,000 |
| Commissary Department | 120,000 |
| Quartermaster Department | 135,000 |
| Dredging Machinery | 350,000 |
| Hoisting and pumping machines | 875,000 |
| Improvements in Atrato River | 500,000 |
| Total | $99,859,512 |
| Add 25 per cent. for contingencies | 24,964,878 |
| | $124,824,390 |

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The Chicago fire paid something [illegible] millions of the national debt, [illegible] two [illegible] that [illegible] amount of greenbacks by destroying [illegible]

### THE SPIRIT THAT WINS.

There is a spirit in our people that leaves even the most terrible of accomplished facts, subject to amendment. In war times our people read of a defeated army with quivering nerves, and with a feeling in the heart for which despondency was not the shadow of a name. Cut to pieces, meant annihilated. Driven twelve miles, or into the river, was a crushing fact. Retreating was a synonym for utter demoralization. Losing batteries, and trains and amunition and colors, was the same as losing all that made an effective army. People at home saw the flying army plunging recklessly through forests; saw the starved soldiers roaming without power of effort, among the mountains; saw no line between themselves and a conquering foe. In a few days the "defeated army" was striking vigorous blows; the men who had been driven twelve miles were driving their foes a hundred; the lost batteries were, by some trick that was not comprehended by the people, pouring shot and shell into the enemy's retiring lines, and in short retreat did not mean demoralization, defeat did not mean annihilation, and losing equipments did not mean losing spirit.

The soldiers did not accept defeat. With blood in a foam and veins swelling, they did not stop to grieve as common men. Exceeding effort unsuccessfull, but demanded greater effort. There were never gloomy pictures about camp fires. Men never talked sorrowfully and bitterly of the death of companions or raged about wounds or losses. In the presence of great danger, all strength went out to meet it. At such times there was no littleness of spirit. The soldier stooped even to bind an enemy's wound, while hostile shots whistled about his ears.

As the nation saw an army under defeat, so the world saw Chicago under misfortune. All was gone—and reason would not obey the will—it was as if a great blow had paralyzed the living, thinking spirit, and left only the eyes to see and the ears to hear, and the heart to feel. People could not realize nor comprehend. The fact was too much.

As the soldiers accepted a defeat, so the people of Chicago saw the burning of their city. Fleeing from the destruction they could not stay, they formed, soldier like, on the plain; clustered wherever tree or house or bush afforded shelter; rallied wherever instinct told them there was safety, and turned them to their work.

Money was gone, food was gone, houses were gone, but strength was left, and how soon the countermarch was commenced. How quick were they to realize the situation; how quick to adapt themselves to it. Never were the people of a great city left so helpless. But how far was helpless from meaning hopeless.

They sped away eastward and westward. There were thousands of aristocratic "dead heads" on out going trains, and we pictured long cars of sad faces and heard in imagination long stories of bitterness. But this was not the case. On these trains bearing the homeless away from homelessness, there was much of that spirit that made soldiers nearer to each other after battle and proud. Here is a little man with dirty face and crushed foot, limping about to get water for his invalid sister, and he has absolutely a bird like flutter. Here is a little woman who ran out of her falling house with her four children on her back and in her arms. She is bright as though danger had never been near. Here is a merchant worth last week, $60,000, with just six cents in his pocket—and he has given his overcoat to the sick boy in the corner there, and don't know where his dinner is to come from. And little man and little woman and merchant would all talk over the incidents of the fire as calmly as soldiers over a battle and tell you of burning bodies with as much coolness as a soldier would exhibit in throwing the dead bodies in the rifle pits.

And among these people comes the conductor with a twinkle in his eye that glistens almost as would a tear, to make his demand for tickets, that is answered not with pasteboard or money, but with word. And how far the word goes; and how far it takes them.

How strong are these people coming from the fire; how trusting and considerate. The woman who could not, a week ago, travel twenty miles without her husband's escort, is making now a journey of hundreds of miles without escort, without pocketbook, without bonnet, or cloak, or trunk. And the woman is brighter than when she traveled before. When we can understand why a great danger passes and leaves us buoyant from the very contrast; leaves us charitable and strong, we will better understand the spirit that will rebuild Chicago and that will keep the people together, and clinging to the places that were their homes.

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☞ The official census returns furnish another evidence of the fact, so often remarked, that the Indian race is rapidly disappearing under the influences of civilization. The first attempt to make a separate classification of the Indian population was made in 1860, and showed a total of 44,021, not including, of course, the savage tribes, but all those upon reservations or otherwise within reach of the census-taker. The census of 1870 shows 25,731, or only 58 per cent. of the population of ten years before. This may be partially accounted for by what appears to be an imperfect enumeration in Arizona, where the Indians are set down at 10,507 in 1860, and at only 1300 in 1870; but even if there is error in this, the suggestive fact still remains that, while all other races and classes show an increase during the decade, the aborigines are rapidly fading away.

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☞ The prompt suppression of the last Fenian fizzle on the Canadian frontier by the United States troops is adduced by the London *Times* as an additional incentive to charity on behalf of the sufferers by the Chicago fire. The Lord Mayor of London has received seventeen thousand pounds sterling as the result of two days' subscriptions to the Relief fund. Other English cities are helping handsomely.

### COLLEGE ABUSES.

We are sorry to learn that the Cornell University is troubled with cases of discipline arising from the barbarous customs of "rushing," and "hazing," as they are called. These rude and semi-barbarous customs are wholly unknown and unpractised in our Western colleges, with perhaps an exception or two. It is time that the students of eastern colleges should themselves combine to put an end to this standing disgrace of both European and American college life. A recent despatch to the New York *Tribune* gives the following news from the University which we have mentioned:

> Notwithstanding the solemn edict of the Faculty last year that there should be "no more 'rushing' while the University standeth," the Sophomores and Freshmen indulged in four distinct rushes last week. The Faculty have not yet acted upon the grievance. The Sophomore class expelled one of their members for tale-bearing to the Faculty, and without any hesitation the student left the University. The Faculty, together with the various lecturers, now numbers 55 persons. Mrs. E. P. Nichol of Huntley Lodge, Edinburgh, Scotland, has presented the University Library with a collection of books on the History of Slavery. This makes the third collection of the kind presented within a year; the others being given by the late Rev. Samuel May, of Syracuse, and Mr. R. D. Webb, of Dublin, Ireland. In a letter from Thos. Hughes, M. P., to the Tom Hughes Boat Club here, he thanks them for the honor of naming the Club after him, and promises to send them a cup to be used as a challenge cup in the races. Boating spirit runs very high at present, and several regattas are in prospect.

Against the athletic exercises of this and other colleges, we have nothing to say. But the Cornell University, in the commencement of what we have believed would be a most splendid and useful career, owes to its own reputation, and the cause of education, the exercise of the strictest discipline in order to abolish all practices which would carry students backward to the dark ages instead of making of them wise, learned and useful men. It can afford to lose hundreds of students, if necesssary, in order to maintain its own high character and advance the cause of education in general. These pestilent abuses in college should come to an end, and any athletics which cannot be carried on without engendering barbarous customs which endanger life and limb, should be abolished, though the number of students should be decimated thereby.

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### THE DEMOCRATIC "WE TOLD YOU SO."

There is a vast amount of the "We-told-you-so" spirit in the Democratic party at this time. Their defeat in Maine, California, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Ohio has not tended to improve their state of feeling toward each other, but it has made each individual Democrat wonderfully clear sighted with the faults of any other Democrat in line of vision. This is particularly the case in Ohio. The result is looked upon as a "Waterloo defeat" by all factions. But this is the only point on which the "elemen's" agree.

The Cincinnati *Commoner* says: "We are not mistaken in attributing our Waterloo defeat to the prevarication of the platform on the 'New Departure,' and to the indorsement of paper money." The *Volksfreund* says: "The 'New Departure' must be swallowed, if the party is to become well and strong."

This convenience of having men who will see both ways, counting them in the aggregate, is not appreciated by the Democracy. The Kilkeny cat disposition manifested in convention and during the campaign in a suppressed way, bursts out out now with boiler-bursting vehemence. Indeed, the St. Louis *Republican*, by its, course, intimates that something worse than a bursted boiler, is the destroying evil in the old wreck and that the party had better be abandoned.

The Cincinnati *Gazette*, in view of these facts, says: "The situation is calculated to excite the serious consideration of the question whether the Democratic party is anything more than the organized ignorance of the country." This is the estimate of an enemy and Democrats may claim that it is severe. But in temper and in the mode of expression it is gentleness compared with the declarations of Democrats in regard to other Democrats.

Old Line partizans are pointing to the "New Departure" with an exulting chorus of "We told you so." New Departure men are canvassing the old worn out hobbies of the party, and engaged in a concentrated effort to saddle all the misfortunes of the present campaign on the old principles, or the theories advanced by the slow-going and crawfishing wing of the Democracy. According to the organs of the party, the leaders sought to dodge the issue by a wild and not well considered leap forward, and by a helpless clinging to old lines of warfare. If the declarations are considered in the group, they show that there was no honesty on either side. Republican papers made declarations to this effect early in the campaign, and repeatedly demonstrated to thinking men how the effort to float a party without principle must end, when to this was opposed a party with settled policy and plainly declared principles. The Republican "We told you so," has nothing of recrimination in it, and is respectfully submitted as being better to take, under present circumstances, than the Democratic article, and in its advisory sense, as a something deserving consideration.

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### SIGNIFICANT.

The Columbus (Mississippi) *Democrat*, a Democratic sheet, says: "The free school system is using force to compel one class to educate another. It is a Radical device for oppressing and robbing the white people."

That is to say, that in Mississippi, there should be no free school system, because there are colored people to be educated and poor white people, also. The *Democrat* does not specify the class, but if we assume that the cut is at the colored people, we will assume just what the *Democrat* declares. Arguing the question, as it presents itself to this exponent of Mississippi exclusiveness and Democracy, we venture the assertion that the colored people pay their proportion of the tax, counting them as opposed to the whites, poor and rich, and that in time, they will pay more than their proportion, and that the one class that educates the other will not necessarily be the whites. Arguing with principle in view, in this year of 1871, when the pretentions of the Democratic party are so great and the promises so many, both to the laboring classes as a body, and to the colored people as a specified class the animus of this declaration, has a significance that these classes should consider. The argument is that the wealthy should educate the wealthy and the poor shift for themselves. The common good that comes with the education of the masses; the welfare of the people as a body politic; the progress of the nation and the safety of free institutions —all these are ignored to give place to the idea of self; to the old, narrow minded policy that ruined the South; to the false theories of men who, conscious of their own weakness, fear to meet all men on common ground.

If straws show which way the wind blows, or tell any thing about the course of the current, colored men must arm themselves anew against the Democratic party, the laboring men must draw new lines, and the Democratic party itself earns a new claim to the title, describing it as the "organized ignorance of the country."

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### A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

When the astonishing frauds in the city of New York were first made public, the indignation of the people was such as to give good reason for hope that the robbers would be summarilly hurled from power. But the assault thus far has been nothing but disappointment of any such hopes.

Instead of being driven from power and place by an indignant people, the robbers show an unmistakable determination to fight it out, and thus far they have been the victors.

TWEED and his friends deliberately took possession of the New York Democratic State Convention, and instead of denouncing the frauds, as all honest people had hoped it would, it was manipulated entirely in the interest of the Tammany ring.

That able, and usually very conservative paper, *The Nation*, now plainly hints at violence as the only effectual means whereby the people of New York can rid themselves of the thieves. The failure of the Democratic State Convention to repudiate Tammany, or denounce in strong and direct language its villanies; the dilatory steps of the Committee of Seventy, and the ignorance and slavish servility of the mass of the people of New York city, give rather a gloomy outlook for the future for the people of that city, and unless the law shall speedily mete out justice to the villains who have so long run riot upon the people's substance, there is serious danger that a vigilance committee may rise up and take the matter out of the reach of law. Much as this might be deprecated by law abiding citizens, it could hardly be worse than the rule of the ring that now holds New York in its relentless grasp.

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### A GOOD MOVEMENT.

The destruction of the business portion of Chicago has left large numbers of her enterprising business men without adequate quarters in which to carry on their trade, and it is now too late in the season to rebuild. Hence unless they can secure quarters elsewhere they must be idle during the winter.

In view of these circumstances a meeting of citizens was called yesterday afternoon at the office of GEO. E. POMEROY & SON, to consider the best manner of bringing to the attention of the business men of Chicago who have been burned out, such accommodations as may be offered them in Toledo, either for the winter or permanently.

On motion of WM. BAKER, Esq., Messrs H. J. RAFFENSPERGER, F. J. SCOTT and J. H. CAMPBELL were appointed a committee for that purpose, and a small subscription was agreed upon as a basis for defraying the necessary expenses in the premises. All citizens of Toledo who have rooms of any kind to let for the winter, or longer, are requested to place them in the hands of some of our city agents, or of the committee, for the benefit of applicants from Chicago, at the lowest rates that can be afforded.

In this connection we suggest to the owners of unoccupied buildings that they put the rents at so low a figure as to make it an inducement for Chicago men to take them. If we secure them for the winter the probability is that some of them will remain permanently, bringing not only their capital, but a large part of their former trade here.

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### FINANCIAL.

A New York dispatch says concerning the financial situation in that city that the shrinkage of value last week at the Stock Exchange is estimated at fully one hundred millions. All financiers agree in regarding the policy of the city banks in aiding the business community by [illegible] on their reserves, for the first [illegible] in the history of the National Banks, [illegible] discreet, sound and liberal. In the last week about $5,000,000 in currency has been sent West, but the banks hold to-day quite as many legal tenders as they did last Monday, although the practice of taking the average for the week shows a loss in their legal reserve of $2,920,825. It is probable that the government will disburse currency largely this week for bond purchases, and that the banks will gain in strength. The supply of money to first class borrowers is abundant at from 7 per cent. currency to 7 per cent. gold. Business firms in good standing are furnished with all the money they require. Mercantile confidence is much stronger than it has been.

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☞ The Home Insurance Company, of Columbus, is one of the unfortunates by the Chicago fire, and was reported broken by its losses, which have been put down at $100,000. The Columbus *Journal*, however, says: "We have heard it placed much higher, and are assured by those most competent to know, that it is lower than that. But whatever it is, the Directory have assured the public that it will be paid, and there are men on the Board whose individual check is good for the figure."

### GOSSIP.

Birds are doing serious damage to the North Carolina rice crops.

The banks of rivers in Alaska are said to abound in fossil ivory.

The census shows more Germans than Irish in the United States.

An Indianapolis meeting passed resolutions of thanks to God and to the police of the city.

There is one newspaper published in the District of Columbia for every six square miles of territory.

Chancellor Wyeth, of Virginia, it is said, had six students in his office, who afterwards became Presidents of the United States.

The phrase, 'You know how it is yourself,' has been traced to Shakespeare. The idea is found in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II, Scene 2.

It is said that if you take two letters from money, there will be but one left. We have heard of a man who took money from letters and there wasn't any left.

The rural portions of Rhode Island complain that Providence has too much power in their Legislature. It is a complaint seldom made in any other State in the Union.

Three Yale sophomores were brought before the police court on Saturday last, and fined $20 and costs for "hazing." This is the first time such punishment has been inflicted in New Haven.

Coolies are constantly employed on the Japanese Railroad between Yokohama and Yeddo. The first locomotive run over the road attracted great attention. The road from Osoka to Kobe progresses rapidly, and a new line of sixty miles, to cost $2,000,000, running through Kiota to Tsurga, is contemplated.

People should be careful in the application of acids. A young lady with golden tresses fainted the other night, and an alarmed friend bathed her forehead with vinegar, and in the most expeditious manner bathed all the golden color out of her friend's front hair.

Two prominent gentlemen of Knoxville, Tenn., have been playing a series of one hundred games of chess. There was but one draw game in the hundred. At no time was either one three games ahead. The hundredth game was a tie, but on the hundred and first the railroad man pulled out one ahead.

Mr. Seward was welcomed at his home in Auburn by a large number of his personal friends and neighbors. In response to a speech he remarked that during his journeyings abroad he had found no nation so distant and no race so low that the character of an American citizen did not secure to himself not merely safety, but also respect, consideration and affection.

The city of Louisville is still suffering greatly from the threatened scarcity and consequent high price of coal. The large distilleries in that vicinity are not running to their full capacity, and it is said that the farmers are losing, by the present coal monopoly, the sale of nearly two thousand bushels of corn a day.

The Troy *Times* says that sewing machines worked by steam are no new thing thereabouts. All the leading linen collar manufacturers there use steam, and have used it for years past in running sewing machines, for the reason that by its use more work is done, and the effect on the health of the operators is not as deleterious as in the old treadle mode.

In the year 1752, people went to bed as usual on the second of September, but they did not get out of it until the fourteenth of the same month. How was that? This statement is often given out to young folks as a puzzle. The answer is, that at that time an act of Parliament was passed to correct the calendar, which was then known to be about eleven days wrong. A sheet almanac, now preserved in the Winchester Museum, records these eleven days by their absence from its list.

A singular accident recently occurred in the streets of London. A huge steam roller was left standing in the streets, while the careless engineer went to dinner. Some mischievous boys got upon it, and by some means managed to start it. The damage done was considerable, the machine demolished a large show window, and otherwise injured the building into which it ran.

A gentleman of Philadelphia has discovered that a jet of air, steam or water, mixed with some such material as sand, can drill a hole in, or eat away the face of any substance, no matter how hard, in an amazingly short space of time. With sand and a steam jet of 300 pounds pressure to the square inch, he made a hole in a block of Corundum—a material as hard as diamond—an inch and a half deep, in less than twenty-five minutes.

The French expedition to the North Pole will not be abandoned on account of the death of its commander, Captain Lambert, and it is among the possibilities that the Americans and French may meet and fly their bunting together from the long sought polar point.

A little boy, when asked by a lady if he studied hard at school, said, "I do not hurt myself at it!" "Ah," said the lady, "you must study hard, or you'll never be President of the United States." "No, ma'am!" cried the boy, "but I don't expect to be; I'm a Democrat."

The British Consul at Rome is credited with stating, in a report recently laid before the English Parliament by the foreign office, that the very fine qualities of Roman voices is attributed to the mothers swaddling their babies. When a mother is employed out of doors the baby is suspended from its back to a nail in the wall, and allowed to cry for several hours together, "which continued act of crying exercises and forms the vocal organs in an extraordinary way." What next?

Sad experience prompted a cotemporary to ventilate this seasonable advice: "Keep up the fires. Half the diseases that afflict humanity at this season of the year are due to the half-chilled condition in which people live. More coughs, colds, consumptions and fevers are produced by sitting in half-chilly rooms, on these days when it seems hardly necessary to build fires, than from all other causes."

The first railroad in this country was that which connected the Quincy (Mass.) granite quarries with tidewater. It was built in 1826, and its decided success soon prompted the construction of other roads. This pioneer thoroughfare has been idle for some years, but is now undergoing repairs, and will soon be in operation again for the conveyance of freight and passengers.

There is scientific authority for the statement that it is impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe, for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can in a few seconds burn holes of any size in the hardest metal, his fire drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed. To what perfection crime is getting.

## Miscellany.

### AN EX-EMPRESS.

### A Lady's Interview With the Ex-Empress Eugenie.

*Cassell's Magazine* for October contains an article written by a lady who visited and conversed with the Ex-Empress Eugenie, at Chiselhurst. The writer says:

She began in English (which she speaks readily, and with a good accent, only now and then wanting a word, which she asks you with her eyes to supply) by regretting that the Emperor was too ill to see me. "Not seriously ill; far from it," she said, "thank God, but suffering greatly from rheumatic pains, in consequence of a chill when he first arrived at Chiselhurst. The weather had been warm and fine, and he had been tempted out too much wrapped up (for it was so cold at Wilhelmshohe), and he had incautiously taken off his paletot, and so caught cold, which had produced an attack of rheumatism."

Then she expressed much interest about the place I came from. It was associated with her early life. "Ah! how happy I was then—it seems like a dream—so happy," and her glorious eyes glistened. "How well do I remember the house where I was at school, the broad terrace, the distant hills, and my companions, my dear friends—they have not forgotten me."

"Yes," said I, "young Miss B——."

"Young! ah, no!" and she laughed. "She is not young; she is my age, and that is not young."

It is not allowed to contradict sovereigns, but as she said this she was a living contradiction of her own statement. She looks wonderfully youthful, and her present thinness is very becoming in this respect.

"When I first came to England," she continued, "I desired to go there"

"Ah, Madame, why did you not come? We would have received you with enthusiasm."

She bowed. "Yes, I wished it; it was my first thought; but it could not be."

"But, Madame, will you not come among us and see your old haunts?"

Sometime, perhaps, but not now. I cannot; the Emperor is ill. I cannot leave him, and I go nowhere. I think of nothing, day and night, but of poor France. Ah, what horrors will be passed through ere poor France can be at peace! These dreadful scenes are always before me; the end is not yet."

Her eyes filled with tears, and rested on her shabby black dress—and this was the late queen of fashion—and her look seemed to say, "See how I mourn!" And it was true. There is often a whole world of pathos in little trifles that involuntarily bear witness to the individual mind.

"Madame," said I, "there is but one consolation—the worse things go in France, the more the Emperor is sure to be recalled. It is the Emperor alone who can govern France. They are like bad children and require the master hand of wholesome restraint and discipline."

"I do not wish to return; I suffered too much; but I trust that events will justify the Emperor. Surely the world must come to see what kind of people he had to govern. The Emperor knew that these people were in Paris. For twenty years he knew it, and he did not shoot them. He was too merciful."

"Madame," she said, "it is as though the Fanians rule in London. The 'Reds' are the same all over the world."

"The Emperor is blamed for everything," said she; "yet how rich and prosperous France has been for so many years. The wages of the laborers and *ouvriers* were high, and work was plentiful. To Paris came all the world, and money was spent. Now the taxes have not been paid for three whole months.—The taxes not paid, and no money at the Bourse. The Emperor is blamed, too, for the war. He was against it. Such blame is most unjust. But"—and she drew herself up—"we do not desire justification. Time will do that. Let events speak. By and by Europe shall judge the Emperor fairly."

I expressed a hope that the trials she had undergone in Paris had not injured her health.

No," she replied. Then she continued: "I was forsaken by all the Ministers. Trochu, whom the Emperor had appointed, left me. They all left me and betrayed me. What could I do? I was alone. Ah," she added with an inspired look, "it was my passion."

She turned her tearful eyes to heaven. "Her passion!" Could anything be more touching? Woman as I was, I could have died for her.

"I was alone," she repeated, as though in justification; "utterly abandoned. What could I do but fly? I was not afraid. I could look death in the face; but all had left me."

"Were the details of your Majesty's flight which appeared in the newspapers accurate?"

"Yes," said she, "tolerable so. For thirty days I was guarded by these men of Belleville. Oh, it was horrible! They took possession of the Tuileries. My only happiness was that I suffered alone. The Emperor away and my boy safe. No! I could not have borne it had my boy been in danger!"

Again the inspired look came into the beautiful Spanish eyes.

"By what door did these wretches enter the Tuileries, Madame?"

"Everywhere—by all the doors and the windows too. They came down from the Place de la Concorde. I saw them coming through the trees. They then broke over the fences into the reserved garden, and at last smashed the lower windows and broke open the doors. They came, too, on the other side, from the Place du Carousel; black masses of men, closer and closer; they, too, broke in everywhere. No one opposed them; the guards were gone.

"There were horrible cries and screams and oaths. From these thief-dogs I expected death; I saw it in their faces, these Belleville men; they wanted my blood. I was so weary I did not care; to live or to die was the same to me. For the last three days there was a change; more savage men came about me. I never left my room; I lay down a little on my bed for rest, but I did not undress; I would not be murdered in my bed in my night dress."

She made a little motion with her hand as she said this that I cannot describe. It told of the delicacy of the woman, and the lofty decorum of the sovereign, that carefully gathers her robes around her ere she dies.

"Madame," said I, "had you fallen by the hands of those wretches, you would have lived forever in history and in poetry. Every art would have been evoked to celebrate your memory. You would have united the beauty and fascination of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the virtuous fortitude of Marie Antoinette. It would have been a glorious immortality!"

"Yes," she said, melting into the sweetest, merriest smile; "yes, that is all very well; but I would like to enjoy yet a little in my life."

"God grant you may, Madame!" replied I.

The Empress then glanced at a clock. "You have come far to see me; you must return. Your train will soon be due; you must not lose it." How I wished that time had ceased to be—how I longed to go on listening to that musical voice and looking into those protean eyes! She rose. She was again the Empress—and stood there grandly by him, to receive my salutations. It was a rapid change from the fascinating woman to the lofty sovereign. She did not even offer me her hand; she only bowed her head, and I retreated backward in the hall, where the lady in waiting received and conducted me to the door.

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### AN OHIO FARMER.

### His Success in Tropical California.

In the year 1845 '5, a well-known and enterprising farmer of Hanover township, Licking county, being somewhat embarrassed financially, abandoned his rugged hills and rich bottoms, and struck out for California. News of his great success there has frequently reached and gratified his friends in Ohio; but here is an item from a recent paper written by Hon. C. W. Potwin, of Zanesville, after his recent return from the Pacific coast, that gives fuller details than we had heretofore seen:

"Colonel Hollister, a former citizen of Licking county, emigrated to California shortly after its acquisition by the United States. He had but small means, but an indomitable will and great perseverance. He began in a small way near Los Angelos, raising sheep and cattle. His present possessions are immense. From a reliable statement made to me, I give you the results of his labor. He has an almond grove covering seven hundred acres, and over sixty thousand almond trees yielding fruit. He has planted and is successfully growing one hundred thousand orange, lemon and olive trees. Had at one time over one hundred and fifty thousand head of sheep and cattle; owns about one hundred thousand acres of land divided into three ranches. He has recently purchased in Japan twenty-six bushels of Japan tea seed, and sent over for and obtained two or three Japanese to cultivate it, and expects to meet with great success in this new experiment. I mention this instance as one in many, to illustrate what can be accomplished by energy, activity and brain."

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### Woman Suffrage—How it Became Lawful in Wyoming.

The accident, for such it was, by which woman suffrage became the law of Wyoming, happened in this way: The President of the Council of the first Territorial Legislature of Wyoming strolled into the office of the Secretary one morning in November, '69, to talk about local politics. Woman suffrage came in for its share of attention. Said the Secretary, who was a staunch advocate of woman's rights:

"Mr. President, do you know you have the greatest opportunity of any man in America to immortalize yourself?"

"How?" inquired the president.

"By introducing a bill in the Council extending the right of suffrage to women," replied the secretary.

"By Jove! I'll do it, if you'll draw up the bill," responded the president.

"Agreed," answered the Secretary; and Mr. President smiled the quiet smile of satisfaction incident to the birth of a new idea, pulled away at his cigar, straightened himself, and walked to the Council chamber to ponder on his future greatness. The bill was drawn, introduced, and passed the first reading in the Council—more for the novelty and notoriety than because its members were in its favor.

In the lower House, however, the bill met opposition, and became the subject of earnest discussion on the part of the minority. The majority looked upon the whole thing as a joke of the rollicking Secretary, and were disposed to let him have his fun, while they would enjoy the big supper promised them by the Secretary if they would pass the bill. Thus the bill passed the House, not supposing the Council would confirm it on its final reading. The Council, however, did pass the bill, whether from indifference or to appear consistent with its former action it is impossible to say, as it is equally impossible to account for most of the laws passed by this Legislature on any known hypothesis. But whether joke or design on the part of the Secretary, the members of the House were certainly victimized, for they never got that big supper, and the bill did pass. It only waited now for the Governor's signature under the great seal of the Territory to make this bill a law in the land. In a few days the bill was returned with his Excellency's familiar O. K., and woman suffrage became both a fact and a law in Wyoming. It must be said, in explanation, that the Governor seriously supposed himself a statesman with future prospects; and like all great men, has his hobbies, one of which is his official signature, on which he greatly prides himself, though as unintelligible to an American as the Chinese characters on a package of tea.

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Sad experience prompts a contemporary to ventilate this seasonable advice: "Keep up the fires. Half the diseases that afflict humanity at this season of the year are due to the half chilled condition in which people live. More coughs, colds, consumptions, and fevers are produced by sitting in half chilly rooms, on those days when it seems hardly necessary to build fires, than from all other causes."

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The *Hearth and Home* says: "The oracles of the human soul speak in favor of the purity and perpetuity of marriage. Men may forsake the oracles and live like brutes. Men may forsake the oracles and build socialisms out of their own fancies. It is all the worse for them. But the intuitions, the loves, the moral impulses of the race are on the side of marriage."

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Miss Isabella Bateman, younger sister of the eminent actress, who is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, has just made what the London *Times* calls a "triumphant *debut*" at the London Lyceum. The play seems to be a new adaptation of George Sand's "La Petite Fadette," which is so familiar to American theatre-goers under the name of "Fanchon."

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Sir Walter Scott wrote: The race of mankind would perish did we cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment some kind assistance wipes the dew of death from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals, and no one who has it in his power to grant, can refuse without incurring guilt.

BLOOM of YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

AMERICAN LADIES.

A good complexion is one of the chief points of beauty, which all women have a natural and laudable desire to possess, and to aid in procuring or preserving this mark of comeliness, various preparations have been in use among the softer sex since the earliest times. The Greek origin of our English word cosmetic was applied to any preparation designed to improve the complexion, by rendering the skin soft, smooth and white.—Among the Romans there was a class of slaves (cosmetae) whose special duty it was to dress and adorn their mistresses, including, as their name implies, the artistic application of the cosmetics. The employment of these artificial aids to beauty has therefore the sanction of antiquity; and when they are skillfully prepared, of simple and harmless materials, there seems to be no serious objection to their use in due moderation. Of the great number of modern preparations for this purpose, we know of none which combines so many of the essentials of a perfect cosmetic, as the BLOOM OF YOUTH, prepared by Mr. GEORGE W. LAIRD, of New York. Its fragrance renders it a delightful addition to the toilet, while it tends to preserve the beauty and complexion and repair the ravages of time and exposure, it removes all tan, sunburn or freckles, and can be applied without fear of any injurious effects.

Sold at all Druggists' and Fancy Goods Dealers.

BLOOM of YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

# Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14, '71

One of the memorable incidents of the Chicago fire is the breadth and extent of that practical sympathy which pours itself out in beneficence to the stricken city. If it shows a conflagration unequalled in modern times it also shows a benevolence unequalled in the ages. It seems to be conceded that the great fire in London which has figured in history for more than two centuries, (1666) was neither so great in extent nor so destructive of value; but it made a deeper scar in the world's affairs, because the burden had to be borne almost wholly by the sufferers; whereas, that of the Chicago fire will be largely shared by the nation and by the civilized world. Never, in the world's voluminous history, has there been a parallel to the spontaneous and cheerful outpouring of material aid which flows in on the Chicago ruins from every hamlet and city in this broad and rich domain, and also from cities separated from us by great oceans.

The people of England, hitherto narrow and bigotted in their relations towards America, appear to have been touched by this calamity as they were never touched before; and, for the first time that I remember, have shown towards us, in the hour of affliction, a true English generosity. We have been accustomed to expect of them something different from generosity or even common sympathy. When we have been the most pressed by enemies and adversities they have regarded that as their best opportunity to humble us. The change from that to this may be well regarded as remarkable, and betokens a better spirit and better neighborhood for the future. Never before has there seemed to be anything like tenderness towards the people of the United States; and we may well hope that the feeling will increase.

The elections have not turned out to the entire satisfaction of the Ku Klux Democracy. When the last Congress adjourned that party was jubilant in view of the fields that they expected to win, and the crowns that they expected to wear. New Hampshire was a promise which has turned to ashes on their lips; and in view of Connecticut, North Carolina, Montana, Maine, Ohio, California, Pennsylvania and Iowa they stand aghast and declare that they want no more reports. If the November elections should follow in the same track I greatly fear that the rotten old party will not be able to put in an appearance next year when the great presidential race is called.

The suggestion of President Grant to the Boston people that it would be very agreeable to him if they would give the money appropriated to his reception for the relief of the Chicago sufferers and allow him to take the chances of an ordinary visitor, is very characteristic of the man, whose heart is always right, whatever may be thought of his head.

There was a Cabinet meeting yesterday, which was attended by all the members except Attorney General Akerman. Among the matters under consideration was the condition of the South and the steps necessary to protect the loyal people, white and black, from the cowardly operations of the Ku Klux.

The horrible story of the Ferguson outrages has just got into the papers, although the facts transpired months ago. These Fergusons were a loyal family from the first, and were consequently the objects of malevolent hatred. One of them was conscripted into the rebel army, captured by our troops and died a prisoner of war at Elmira, N. Y. The three sons, and young Phillips had all voted the Republican ticket, and were consequently marked for vengeance.

But what is curious about these and other outrages, is that the Raleigh lawyers and leading North Carolina democrats should know nothing of them, and wait for the developments of Judge Bond's court, in order to find out that there were really Ku-Klux in the state. Here was a whole family, visited by disguised persons so long ago as last December. They broke into the house at night, seized the two brothers and carried them away, and whipped them most cruelly, expecting that they would not dare to mention it; and when it was found that they talked about it, they returned and broke into the house again, and this time punished the whole family. Mrs. Ferguson, the mother, was taken out and whipped, and then her three sons and young Phillips; and the sister, 21 years old, was tied down, with her face to the ground, stripped of her clothing and given 200 lashes. As soon as they could crawl, they got into the woods, and have managed to keep out of the way till the sister could get to Raleigh and make her affidavit. The guilty parties will now have to appear before Judge Bond, and will, of course, plead for mercy.

But while these and a hundred other similar cases were reported and the facts circulated from mouth to mouth, everybody denied their existence, and it was only after thirty or forty convictions were had, and men began to tremble for their friends and for the honor of the State that they made the discovery, that there really was such a thing as a Ku Klux.

At the very time these women were thus cruelly whipped and driven from their homes, the innocent lawyers in and about the seat of government were stoutly denying the existence of the order, and abusing Congress for passing the Ku Klux law. But when they saw where all this was going to end, and that respectable friends were being sent away to the Albany penitentiary, then they confess that there is such an order, and put in a plea to have Judge Bond stay his hand that they may put forth their influence to suppress it. It is clear to me that a little more of Judge Bond is needed before such men will do their work efficiently.

BUCKEYE.

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### The Election of a U. S. Senator.

The law of July 25th, 1866, passed by Congress, provides for the election of United States Senators, being framed to meet a case where the two branches of the State Legislature are of opposite political complexion, and cannot agree on the choice of a Senator. The law provides that each house shall, by a viva voce vote of each member present, name a person for Senator on the second Tuesday after the meeting and organization thereof. On the day following, the houses shall meet in joint assembly, and if the same person shall have received a majority of all the votes cast in each house, he shall be declared duly elected Senator of the United States; but if not, then the joint assembly shall proceed to choose, by a viva voce vote, a person for that purpose, and the person who shall receive a majority of all the votes of a joint assembly, a majority of the members of each house being present, shall be declared duly elected. If such Senator is not elected on the first day, the joint assembly shall meet and take at least one vote per day during the session of the Legislature. Similar provisions are made in cases of vacancies occurring. The Governor has no other part in the proceeding than the certifying of the election to the President of the United States.

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The revenue of the Baltimore & Ohio road and its branches for September was $1,319,769 21, showing an increase, compared with the same month for the preceding year, of $177,905 16.

## DOMESTIC NEWS.

Nearly all the Senior class of Bowdoin College have been suspended for absenting themselves from recitation.

Louisville donations for Chicago will be about $2 for every man, woman and child, white and black, in the city.

Chicago relief from Indianapolis amounts to nearly $200,000, besides $20,000 by the Council and $5,000 in supplies.

Two hundred thousand tickets will be issued for the Alexis ball in New York next week; price $10.

English newspapers find fault with the Atlantic cable rates, because they are high enough to prevent sending details of the great fires in America.

Captain Houston, of Memphis, sues rebel General Forest for $50,000, for arms destroyed during the war by a party of disguised men.

Four iron safes from Chicago, supposed to contain bullion melted in the fire, have arrived at the Philadelphia mint.

The ocean cable between Barbadoes and Demerara has been laid. The lost cable between Jamaica and Aspinwall is next to be picked up.

Five Ku-Klux, with complete disguises, have been arrested in Tishomingo county, Miss., and it is thought the entire gang, who shot a white man and woman two weeks ago, will be taken.

The argument on the petition in bankruptcy against the I. C. & L. Railroad Company, in the United States Court, has again been postponed until the 7th of November. An effort will be made to compromise with the creditors.

In a liquor case before the New Hampshire Supreme Court Tuesday, a witness refused to testify because if he showed that if he offered money for liquor, he would criminate himself as an accomplice who might be punished as well as the seller. The Judge declined to enforce an answer from the witness, and suggested that the case go before a full bench.

Gov. Warmouth, of Louisana, informs the river parishes that they must protect themselves from overflow of the levees, as the company to whom the contract for rebuilding the levees was given, will not be able to do so.

A force of two hundred men start from Collingwood on Friday for Manitoba, to resist the Fenian attacks. They are enlisted for six months, with the option of remaining a year and taking a land grant.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, previous to commencing his speech on the treaty of Washington, at the Philadelphia Academy Monday, made an appeal in behalf of the Wisconsin and Michigan sufferers. He donated his fees for the lecture, $400, and requested the audience to send donations to the newspapers. The suggestion was unanimously endorsed by the audience, and over $4,000 donations resulted.

Brigham Young appeared in the U. S. Court at Salt Lake City, on the 16th inst., in improved health, and plead "Not Guilty" to the indictments returned against him. Daniel H. Wells, another prominent Mormon, entered the same plea. A motion was made to continue the cases until the next term. The U. S. Marshal asks a cavalry escort to enable him to make further arrests. The Mormons have raised a fund to defray the expenses of the defence of the accused polygamists.

Last week attempts were made in Bedford county, Tennessee, by negroes, to commit rape upon Miss Blessing, Miss Susan Patterson and Mrs. Howard, but they succeeded in getting away. Thursday, at midday, Mrs. Rogers was violated, and Samuel Wells, colored, was captured and identified by her. Henry Williams was identified by Miss Blessing and Miss Patterson as the man who assaulted them. Both men were committed to jail at Shelbyville, and on Saturday taken to the district in which the crimes were committed for trial. After dark, while being sent back to the Shelbyville jail, they were taken from the guard by five hundred men, who were not disguised, and hanged. Placards were pinned to their clothing, warning all but the civil authorities against cutting them down, under penalty of the same fate.

James Snowden murdered Charles Cooley last evening with a razor, caused by jealousy. Both colored.

CANNELTON, Ind, Oct. 16.—This forenoon a young man named Benson was buried by the caving in of an excavation. An older brother attempting to rescue him, was also buried. The accident was not discovered for three hours, when both were dug out. The elder one was found dead and the other nearly so, but he will probably recover.

SOUTHAMPTON, Ont., Oct. 17.—Chas. Lustrom, a sailor from the schooner Excelsior, of Erie, was picked up off Southampton to-day, floating on part of the cabin of the Excelsior. Several of the crew were floating on planks, but the boat that was sent out could not rescue them, and their fate is not known. The vessel sunk between Thunder Bay and Middle Island. She left Milwaukee on the 8th inst., and foundered on the 15th. She had a cargo of 18,000 bushels of wheat. All the crew, nine in number, are believed to have perished except Lustrom.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 17.—On Sunday, in Warsaw, Ky., a man named Gridley shot out of a hotel window at a young man named North, with whom he had a difficulty, inflicting a mortal wound. Gridley was put in jail. About 2 o'clock yesterday morning a party of men went to the jail, broke a hole through into Gridley's cell and fired in, killing the prisoner.

NEWARK, N. J., October 17.—In the trial of Geo. Botts for the murder of Peter Halstead, it was developed that the grounds of defence will be the prisoner's irresponsibility at the moment of the tragedy, and that the pistol was discharged accidentally in a scuffle. Mrs. Wilson testified that she was engaged to marry Botts on obtaining a divorce from her husband, and told him that Halstead was acting only as her husband to get such divorce; that she had lived with Botts as his wife, and he had introduced her to his family as such; that he had supported her, and that she had twice broken the engagement on account of his intemperance.

MONTREAL, Oct. 16.—A terrific gale set in yesterday morning, after a heavy rain all night, doing much damage to life and property. A large number of tenements were blown down; the brick walls near the gas building were blown down, and a new building in Dalhousie street, from which several persons barely escaped. The roof of the new St. George's Church started during the night. The consternation was fearful, the people running out in the midst of prayers. No damage was done beyond the fright. The Cathedral spire rocked like a ship's mast, and the congregation was terrified and left before the completion of the sermon.

Miss Annie Lowe, youngest daughter of John Lowe, was instantly killed by a falling tree, while passing to a neighbor's house. It is hoped fatal cases will not be many. Many citizens were maimed by falling signs and cornices.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 16.—The schooner Levant was wrecked off Sheboygan during the gale of Saturday night. She was discovered by the schooner D. P. Dobbins, which manned a yawl, but found only two men alive. One named Peter Brands, of Chicago, lived only a few moments after being rescued; the other, Peter Larnum, of Chicago, is the only survivor. The others were found dead, but still clinging to the rigging. The dead left on the wreck were the captain and mate, Robert Brown, one passenger and three seamen.

## CHICAGO.

### Items of Interest.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—There has been wonderful activity in the South Division burnt district to-day. Thousands of men have been at work clearing away the debris, putting up temporary buildings, etc. Every laboring man willing to work can find plenty to do at liberal wages.

The action of banks yesterday, in unanimously resolving to open their business to-morrow, and to pay at once, if called for, every dollar due their depositors, and the promptness of the Insurance Companies in settling their losses, has inspired renewed confidence among the business men. All looks well for the future, so far as the future is within human control.

The reports also of the loss of life are greatly exaggerated. The number of dead bodies already discovered falls short of one hundred and twenty-five, and large numbers supposed to be lost are alive and well. This is true about Col. Stone and his wife, Miss De Pelgrove, Dr. Green, D. A. Gage, City Treasurer, and many others.

The relief committee are doing their duty, and the hour for serious suffering is past. Contributions liberally forwarded are faithfully distributed among the needy. A large number of impostors were supplied with food and clothing at the start, but the relief organization is now so perfected that little imposition can be practiced hereafter.

Col. Eastman, postmaster, announces that the money order department of the Chicago postoffice is in operation, and is ready to pay all orders promptly. Postmasters making deposits should remit National Bank drafts on New York, or send currency by registered letter.

The postmaster of Chicago telegraphed to New York to-day, stating that one of the postoffice safes of this city had been reached, and the contents found badly scorched, but $35,000 in money was recovered and about $80,000 worth of postage stamps in a condition to be returned for exchange, although not fit to be used. The cashier's day book and ledger were found to be in a condition to be read, but the cash book was destroyed. The safe of the money order superintendent and that of the stamped envelope clerk were yet in the ruins. The United States District Attorney of Chicago lost all his papers.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—An attempt was made by a number of lumber dealers yesterday to carry up the price of lumber from $3 to $4 per thousand, but this was resisted by many of the larger and more respectable dealers, and the attempted extortion was defeated, and lumber is selling at old prices. There are fully 300,000,000 feet in the yards in the city, and the supply will continue abundant.

The police have captured the Italian saloon keeper Grogoris Petri, who on Monday night of last week, in a saloon on Van Buren street, stabbed two men dead. He was found at the village of Austin, about five miles west of this city.

The total number of dead bodies on which inquests have been held up to last night, is ninety-two. Of course, when the debris in the burnt districts is removed, many more will be discovered.

Arrangements have been made to-day by the special agents of the Postoffice Department, for the removal of the postoffice to the Wabash avenue church, corner of Wabash avenue and Harrison street, and it will be occupied for that purpose until the government builds a new and suitable building. This church edifice is on the south line of the burnt district, South Division. It was considerably scorched, but suffered little or no injury inside.

The Directors of the Board of Trade had a meeting this morning for the purpose of settling the question of location. After considerable discussion, it was decided to appoint a committee to select a suitable lot near the old Board of Trade rooms, and to erect thereon a temporary building for the transaction of their business.

The banks, both National and Savings resumed business to-day. The calls from depositors were light, and for immediate use. Many sought to ascertain their balances, and to what extent they could safely draw hereafter. Many deposits were made. There was no excitement or rush whatever. The drafts on the saving banks were very light, and in many instances deposits were made. There was considerable excitement at the Clearing House. As an illustration of the confidence the public placed in the banks, we refer to the day's work at the Third National; $45,000 were checked out, and $72,000 deposited. The State Savings Bank prepared for a rush, but only some forty depositors called for money, the aggregate of which was greatly exceeded by the deposits.

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### THE MICHIGAN FIRES.

DETROIT, Oct. 16.—Earnest appeals for aid still come from the northern and northwestern portions of the State, which are being responded to with marked liberality. Contributions in this city in money, clothing and provisions continue to flow in, and every train and every boat conveys help to the sufferers. In thirty days water communication with the devastated district will cease, after which supplies must be teamed 60 miles to Manistee and 50 to 100 miles into Sanilac and Huron counties. Now is the time to send forward supplies, such as provisions, winter clothing, blankets, matrasses, and especially bedding for the sick.

The relief committee at Grand Rapids, in conjunction with Mr. Ferry are unremitting in their efforts to alleviate the distress at Manistee and Holland. All contributions especially designed for these places, should be sent direct to Senator Ferry at Grand Haven.

The contributions at our churches yesterday reached several thousand dollars. Considerable aid from beyond the borders of Michigan is beginning to come in. All such will be most thankfully received.

Gov. Baldwin arrived here to-day, and is to-night in consultation with leading citizens of the State as to what shall be done in the present terrible emergency.

At a mass meeting of the citizens of Grand Rapids, held to-night, for the purpose of the establishment of a Central Executive Relief Committee to act for Western Michigan, E. D. Morris, of Holland, made the following statement:

"The number of families now to be supplied daily with food in Holland City is 304; number of persons, 1,294. Number of families in Filmore and Laketown, 70; number of persons, 400. Number of families in Holland township, 40; number of persons, 200. Many of these people will have to be carried through the winter."

A central executive committee was established to solicit, receive and disburse contributions for Western and Northern Michigan. The committee is composed of Hons. T. B. Gilbert, W. A. Howard, A. L. Avery, Henry Fralick, and Capt. Robert Collins. This committee is intended to be a permanent one in the winter campaign, and will co-operate with the Detroit Relief Committee. The intention is to establish an effective system of relief in co-operation with other counties and cities of the State.

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CINCINNATI, October 17.—A Gazette special says that Chas. Durben, a young lawyer of Zanesville, O., shot himself through the head to-night, at the bedside of his sick wife, on being told by her physician that she could not recover. The wife died a few minutes after.

## INSURANCE NEWS.

(From New York Telegrams.)

A meeting of Insurance Presidents to-day was attended by about fifty. Mr. Miller, State Superintendent of Insurance, addressed them, and said if any were compelled to go into liquidation, he would do his best to protect the interests of insurers and stockholders, but wanted frank and candid statements of their condition. He thought the losses at Chicago would be but a small percentage to the citizens of the State.

President Oakley stated that he had just returned from Chicago, and considered the losses there underestimated. The Chicago companies could not pay more than ten or fifteen per cent. of their liabilities. He said all New York companies would pay their losses.

A receiver has been appointed for the Fulton Fire Insurance Compan of Brooklyn, which the stockholders swear has become insolvent, owing to the Chicago fire.

The Phœnix Insurance Company of Brooklyn, has adjusted its loss by the Chicago fire by a draft sent to Hart, Actien & Co.

The Board of Directors of the Home Insurance Company to-day unanimously adopted a resolution to fill up the capital stock to $2,500,000, at the earliest practicable moment. This will restore the Home's assets to nearly, if not quite, $4,000,000, after every cent of the Chicago fire losses is paid.

The Manhattan Company, which has announced a suspension, expect to meet their losses.

The Continental have lost about $1,000,000, being much less than their surplus. They have doubled their capital, and after paying losses, will have assets of $2,000,000 for new business.

Superintendent Miller will to-morrow issue a circular, calling upon all New York Companies to report, under oath, the extent of their losses at Chicago, and present a statement. This will be followed by an examination of the several Companies.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The Security Insurance Company of New York have suspended, and R. F. Hastings is appointed receiver. The losses exceed $1,500,000.

The Lorillard Company has discontinued business, and hold a meeting to-morrow to consider their proper course in view of their heavy losses.

An injunction was granted in the Supreme Court, at the instance of the stockholders of the Excelsior Insurance Company, and M. F. Hodges appointed receiver.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

MADRID, Oct. 16.—A great Republican meeting was held here to-day. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the party would offer undying opposition to every form of government for Spain which is not purely Republican; but they would not violate the laws. Several speakers addressed the meeting and some of them were bitter in their expressions against the present government.

BERLIN, Oct. 15.—The Emperor William to-day opened the sessions of the Richstath in person. He began his address with a review of the last session of the North German Parliament and of the course of German unification, the progress of this important policy. The present condition of United Germany considered eminently favorable and gratifying. Then passing from this to topics to be considered by the present session, he said its chief cares would be the consideration of the budget for the empire. The advances made by several States of the confederation, must be repaid out of the funds received from France as indemnity. The budget must include the expense of settling the government of the territory acquired from France. The Emperor expressed the opinion that a re-organization of the coinage of Germany is desirable. He said the federal council was, at this time, devising measures for the establishment of a gold coin as the basis of a uniform system of German coinage. He also proposed as a subject ready for discussion, the securing of a line of direct communication through Switzerland to Italy, to be so controlled throughout that the interest of Germany shall be fairly considered. Alluding to the foreign relations of the Empire, he said that such relations were entirely satisfactory. There was no cause for anxiety in any quarter. Especially was the correspondence with Austria of a cordial nature, and intercourse with that country no longer shadowed by reminiscences of the past.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—Mr. Bradlaw, at a meeting here to-night, declared that the Queen is insane, and demanded that a regency be intrusted to the judges of law and equity until a republic is established.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The subscriptions to the Chicago relief fund received at the Mansion House up to last night amount to £23,600. A committee of American residents in London are also receiving subscriptions, and have made arrangements for sending the contributions. At a meeting at Bradford, £2,000 were received; at Dublin, £1,200; at Glasgow and Wolverhampton, £1,000 each.

Another railway accident has occurred in Scotland. A dispatch from Mary Hill, county Lanark, three miles from Glasgow, announces the wrecking of a passenger train by which two persons were instantly killed and fifteen seriously wounded.

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### An Editor's Misfortunes.

A special from Chicago to the Cincinnati Commercial says: "One of the first men I met on landing from the train, early yesterday morning, was one of the McCullagh brothers, of the Chicago *Republican*. He had both pockets of his overcoat stuffed full of currency, the proceeds from the sale of what he called his "morning handbill." He said he didn't know where he could get his breakfast, even with his pockets full of money. "Mack" lost $25,000 invested in the *Republican* and $15,000 cash in the Traders' Bank. The office was insured for $45,000, but how much of any of these sums will be recovered remains to be seen. The contents of their safe—ledgers, subscription lists and insurance policies—were charred to indistinguishable cinders. Mr. Henry Reed had a tin box in the safe, containing some silver ware and several hundred dollars in gold coin, all of which was melted and run together. Mr. Reed has determined to leave Chicago permanently. "Mack" is undecided as to his future course, as his partners seem to be discouraged on the subject of future investment. He says he worked up the *Republican* to a paying point, the edition that was burnt containing nearly a thousand dollars' worth of city advertising. The city owes the *Republican* six thousand dollars, and the owners had recently sold their job room for $22,500. The man who bought it lost all in the fire, and, like his sureties, can't pay a cent; and the notes he gave are burnt up anyhow. The Traders' Bank, in which Mack had his fifteen thousand dollars cash, loaned its capital to Chicago merchants, and they are bankrupted. This is a sample of the accumulative losses that have overtaken so many thousands of the industrious and enterprising business men of Chicago, literally compelling them to return to the point where a living is made by one's wits.

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A western paper says that the water is so low in the Mississippi River that steamboats have to keep whistling to keep cows out of the channel, and if this state of things continues it is proposed to attach a cow catcher to the end of the boat.

## ABDUCTION OF A YOUNG LADY.

### An Editor to the Rescue.

A Columbus correspondent, under date of Monday, Oct. 16, gives the following:

Quite an excitement was occasioned here to-day by the attempted arrest of a Miss Rosa N. Gerber, a music teacher, on a charge of stealing forty-five dollars from a relative in Ross county, months ago. The story in the case is in substance as follows: Rose N. Gerber was educated at the Catholic school known as St. Mary's of the Springs. She in time became a very proficient musician, and in answer to much persuasion, became a Sister, and remained at the institution as a teacher of music for eight years, being known as Sister Cecelia. After this long service, she grew tired of her quiet life, and her longings for a life of more freedom induced her to make her escape from the Seminary and locate in this city as a music teacher. Her talents soon found her scholars and friends. Her life, however, was made miserable by a large number of anonymous notes she continually received, coaxing and threatening her if she did not at once return to her former life. At the advice of her friends the letters were unheeded, and she was kept as quiet as possible. All went well enough for some time past until this morning, when about 9:30 o'clock a double carriage, containing a lady and two men drove up in front of Mrs. Ortman's door, armed, as they said, with a warrant for the arrest of Miss Gerber on the charge of stealing forty-five dollars some months ago, we believe, in Ross county, from a relative. The party in the carriage proved to be Mrs. Gerber, the Deputy Sheriff of Ross county, and a Constable. In the meantime the presence of the officers in the city became known to some of Miss Gerber's friends, who declared it to be another attempt to force her back to a life she disliked. They were almost distracted, and purposely attracted the attention of the officers to other subjects of conversation so as to gain time. Some of her excited friends, not knowing where to go for relief, rushed up to Captain John A. Arthur's office, well knowing he had been familiar with the lady's past history, and requested his assistance. Captain Arthur, full of sympathy, determined the girl should not be forced to return to the seminary without her consent, for this he was told was the real purpose of the parties making the arrest. One friend went for a horse and buggy, while another prominent citizen considerately at hand loaned a ladder. Miss Gerber was in the room of the landlady at her boarding house, well nigh distracted. She declared the charge of theft a trumped up one, and that she would rather die than return to the Catholic Seminary. To place a ladder to a back window, and induce the frightened girl to descend and take a seat in the buggy and away, was soon accomplished, and it was full fifteen minutes before the officers were aware that their game had escaped. The crowd that had been called to the place in cheers and hoots demonstrated their satisfaction at the result of the scheme. Captain Arthur returned to the city this evening, having placed the lady in some safe place. Parties who have been intimately associated with Miss Gerber speak of her in the highest terms as a lady of unblemished character and above suspicion. So the matter rests to-night. The sympathy of our best people is with the lady and her chivalrous rescuer.

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### Cleveland Threatened.

The Cleveland *Herald* of this morning says:

That there are being conceived plans to effect a general conflagration in this city can no longer be doubted in the face of such conclusive testimony as has now been made public. Not only are suspicious characters seen in every part of the city, but material easy of ignition has been discovered in different places, apparently but awaiting a favorable opportunity to be touched off into rapid combustion to the certain destruction of property, and perhaps of life. Late on Tuesday afternoon there was found in the Cleveland Insurance Building, fronting on Superior, Water and Union streets a number of veritable fire balls, prepared with evident care. They were composed of candle wicking wound loosely around a piece of wood, longer than broad, notched at either end and saturated with benzine. The news spread rapidly through the city, especially among business men, and considerable feeling was manifested during the evening. Special private watchmen were commissioned to watch particular buildings and stores, and an extraordinary care and vigilance was at once instituted.

A man residing in the vicinity of Rockwell school also discovered, on Tuesday, one of the same contrivances under his door step, and numerous less authenticated stories are coming to our attention. A knowledge of these facts will induce all citizens to be watchful, and especially those who have buildings centrally located. In a large number of the spaces, or yards, in the rear of the principal stores of the city, there are huge piles of straw, boxes and other combustible material, which offer excellent opportunities to incendiaries, and it is hardly necessary to say that such yards should be cleaned out, and thus the liabilities proportionately removed.

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By a recent decision in the Supreme Court of Illinois, the wife of Gen. Buckner, the Fort Donelson rebel, comes into possession of property valued at $1,600,000. The facts of the case, briefly stated, are that in 1861 the wife of General Buckner made over to her brother, a Federal officer, a large amount of property. He was killed at Antietam, leaving one child, in whose name its family laid claim to the property. The decision finds that Mrs. Buckner's deed was a deed of trust, on the expiration of which the property reverted to its original owner. The decision is an important one.

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The death of Professor Octavius V. Catto, the principal of the Colored High School in Philadelphia, who was shot on election-day while quietly walking along the streets to his home, has justly aroused the indignation of the citizens of both parties. Mr. Catto is said to have been well educated and a gentleman in every respect. He spent his life in seeking to elevate his race. He was a leader of the colored Republicans, and to that fact is to be attributed his cowardly assassination.

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The British Medical Journal puts a stop to suspicion and romance alike concerning the sudden death of Renforth, the boatman, by declaring that he was an epileptic, with a constitution undermined by tropical diseases. He never ought to have rowed in the match at all, but his pluck overbore his knowledge of his weakness.

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A mother and son who had been separated without knowledge of each other forty-five years, were united a day or two since in Bangor Me. The son disappeared suddenly when a child, ran away from a family into which he had been adopted, and has lived in Bangor ever since, supposing his mother to be dead, but they were brought together providentially, and the joy of both may be imagined.

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CONVERTING
U. S. Five-Twenties.

Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co. have issued the following financial circular relative to the general condition of the loan market, and the exchanging of government bonds for railroad securities:

Banking House of JAY COOKE & Co.,
Philadelphia, September, 1871.

The signal success of the New Five Per Cent. Government Loan, foreshadowing the early funding of the entire Public Debt at 5 per cent. or a less rate, indicates that the average rate of interest on loanable capital in this country will not henceforward be much above 6 per cent., the tendency being to an equalization of rates between America and Europe.

In view of these facts, the present holders of U. S. Five-Twenties must decide whether it is not best to make *at once* such a change of investment as will enable them to realize as *profit*, or add to their capital, the present average premium of 14 per cent. on Five-Twenties, while at the same time largely increasing their annual income.

Holders of Five-Twenties of the issue of 1862 which, under the recent announcement of the Secretary of the Treasury, will be paid off in December next, have special and immediate reason to consider the question of conversion, unless they wish to receive coin for their Five-Twenties, or exchange them at par for bonds of the new issue, bearing an average rate of 4½ per cent.

To all holders of United States securities who wish to take advantage of the present most favorable opportunity for making the suggested change of investment, we strongly recommend Northern Pacific Seven Thirties (principal and interest payable in gold,) now selling at par in currency. The results already accomplished in the construction and equipment of nearly Three Hundred Miles of road, and the rapid development of the adjacent country, have established the permanency and success of the Northern Pacific enterprise, and created a large and rapidly increasing demand for the First Mortgage bonds of the company. With their high rate of interest, ample security, and their convertability into the Lands of the company at 10 per cent. premium, they constitute a most desirable investment, and can hardly fail to advance considerably above par at an early day.

The holder of a $1000 Five-Twenty bond who exchanges it *now* for Northern Pacifics, thereby increases his principal by 14 per cent., receiving $1140 in Northern Pacifics for $1000 in Five-Twenties. He also permanently increases the yearly interest income on his investment more than 38 per cent., or from $60 00 in gold to $83 22 in gold.

Funds invested in Five-Twenties at their present premium, yield 5⅛ per cent. interest in gold or 5 9-10 in currency. Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties yield 7 3-10 per cent. in gold or 8¼ in currency.

These most unusual opportunities for the profitable conversion of Government bonds into Corporate Securities of undoubted reliability cannot, in the nature of the case, long continue. The increasing abundance of loanable capital both at home and abroad, the almost certain rise in value of all desirable railroad mortgages, the early funding the residue of the National Debt at lower rates, the rapid absorption of Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties and the probable early substitution of a six per cent. bond for the remainder of the Northern Pacific loan, promise very soon to change the entire aspect of the loan market, which is just now so peculiarly favorable to investors.

This state of things suggests *prompt* action on the part of those who wish to exchange securities in time to profit by the present high premium on Five-Twenties.

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Sent to any one (free of postage) for fifty cents. Address DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY, No. 12 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. [illegible]

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Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.
MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCT. 26, 1871.

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" " three months..........50
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IN THE

## WEEKLY BLADE

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### THE BLADE THIS WEEK.

We ask attention to the rich and carefully prepared variety of reading matter in this number of the Weekly BLADE.

The charming story, "A Brace of Boys," is concluded, and we know our readers will decide that it is one of the best they ever read.

Dr. MILLER's letter this week on going west—how it will look when you get there, and the work to be done the first year, will be found interesting to everybody, whether they intend to go west to live or not.

Our descriptions of the terrible fires in Chicago and the Northwest are very full, and are made up from the most reliable sources. Our general news department is also very complete.

Our Agricultural department contains a large amount of valuable information, the Answers to Correspondents are, as usual, highly interesting and instructive, while our general miscellany, young folks, and humorous departments contain a large amount of choice reading matter.

Now if our readers like the bill of fare we send them this week, we have no objection whatever to their calling the attention of their neighbors to it—if they happen to have any who are not subscribers.

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### SOUND.

The financial strength of the country was never more clearly exhibited than in the manner in which it has met the shock of the great Chicago fire. That calamity was national. So extensive were the ramifications of the immense business of Chicago that the great losses there affect directly or indirectly every section of the country.

How thoroughly interlaced are the credits and interests of the whole nation, is seen in the wide-spread depreciation of all corporate securities which immediately followed the Chicago disaster, extending even to Government bonds. It is estimated by careful and cautious authority that the depreciation of stock and bond values caused by the fire was more than equal to the value of the property burned.

If the destruction in Chicago amounted to four hundred millions of dollars, as is now estimated, and the depreciation of other values to as much more, we have the enormous sum of eight hundred millions of dollars of values literally destroyed in a day's time!

It is true that the depreciation in stocks and bonds will be, in a measure, if not entirely, recovered from in time, but that is only another evidence of the financial strength and soundness of the country.

There never was, apparently, a combination of circumstances more favorable to a general panic and a financial crisis. Eight hundred millions of property practically destroyed; rumors apparently well authenticated that the strongest Insurance Companies were ruined, and the air full of reports of the failures of heavy business houses as well as banks. Looking back now over the past week it seems almost a miracle that a crisis was averted.

But the financial strength of the country was so great as to easily withstand the trial, great as it was, and the reaction commenced almost as soon as the shock was felt.

The Insurance Companies, with very few exceptions, promptly notified their agents that they would at once pay all losses, and some of their representatives were on the ground doing so as soon as the spread of the fire was stopped. The Banks, with a single unimportant exception, have been entirely unaffected, while the people of the whole country have sent in millions for the relief of the sufferers.

If any doubt had been entertained as to our financial soundness, it must certainly have been removed by the manner in which we have passed through the trial of the past week.

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☞ Private letters from Chicago state that many of the women of that city, whose sons, brothers, husbands and fathers were only a few days ago men of wealth, are sending to New York for sale the remnants of their rich wardrobes and valuable jewelry to raise money to relieve the wants of the sufferers at home. It was a good sign, that, the very day after the fire, Field, Leiter & Co. shipped most of their rescued silks, laces and lace shawls to New York to be exchanged for domestic goods. No sale for cashmeres and gew-gaws.

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Superior Home and School for Children. Write for particulars to Mrs. S. W. LANGLEY Poultney, Vt.

### THE PROSPERITY OF TOLEDO.

The improvements going on in Toledo, and the evidences of growth and prosperity observable on every hand, are generally surprising to strangers, and the question naturally occurs to them whether this rapid growth is substantial and will be permanent, or is simply the result of some temporary stimulus and likely soon to cease and leave the city, like too many others, overgrown, with business overdone, residence and business houses unoccupied, and all the other evidences of prostration and general dilapidation to be seen in towns and cities that have grown up without the business necessary to sustain them.

There has been so much of this mushroom growth throughout the west, that we are not surprised at strangers wondering whether it is substantial and upon what it is founded.

Let us see: In the first place there are in this city to-day fewer unoccupied residences and business rooms than in any other city in the west, in proportion to its size. Of course the changes naturally occurring in a population of 35,000, always leave a certain number of vacant houses, but such of these as are at all desirable, are speedily taken. And new houses in good locations, notwithstanding the large number built every year, are never long without tenants. It may be safely said that the demand is always fully equal to, if not greater than, the supply, and this too at rents which though not exorbitant, yield a fair return upon the investment.

The advance in real estate has been steady and healthy, and it is not unreasonably high in any part of the city. It might, by some, be thought to be so on Summit street, but even there we do not know of any holder who is at all anxious to sell at the price at which that property is held.

And we have no hesitation in saying that at present prices Toledo real estate will prove a satisfactory investment to any man of reasonable expectations. We do not look for any great and sudden advance in this kind of property, and we do not want it, for it would necessarily be followed by a collapse. Toledo never has been noted for these rapid advances and sudden depressions, and we hope she never will be. But we do anticipate a steady, healthy increase in real estate values based upon a healthy growth of business of every kind.

If we look at the country naturally tributary to Toledo we will see at once that there is a solid foundation not only for her present prosperity but for a still more rapid growth in the future. This tributary country is being rapidly settled up, and every year adds largely to its trade and to the demands it must make upon its great center of business.

Toledo is already one of the most important railroad centers in the west—besides the great advantages of its situation at the head of navigation on Lake Erie, and as the terminus of over four hundred miles of canals running through the richest portions of Ohio and Indiana. The country now tributary to it is not surpassed in richness and all natural advantages by any of equal extent in the United States. But it is still new, and its development may be said to have scarcely commenced. The population, the wealth and all the business of this immense territory must continue to increase for many years to come, and all of that increase must add to the business of Toledo. Then with the new roads now in course of construction, and which will be completed within twelve months, new territory will be opened to us with an amount of business greater, we believe, than is anticipated by even the most sanguine of our people.

These facts, therefore, warrant the assertion that Toledo, instead of being overgrown is in reality behind the demands of the country whose business is tributary to it, and instead of there being any cessation in its growth, it must in the future be more rapid than ever.

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### THE OHIO CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The result of the vote on the Constitutional Convention is that it is ordered by a large majority of the votes cast at the late election. Both the Democratic and Republican conventions approved the proposition for the Convention, though in both parties there was a strong opposition to the measure. It is generally admitted that changes are needed, and yet many who were free to confess this need preferred to have the State bear its present inconveniences, rather than open a wide door for the introduction of others that might prove to be more formidable.

The present constitution was the product of a knot of demagogues who led or ruled the Democratic party twenty-two years ago. They strove to make the Constitution gerrymander the state perpetually in the interest of the Democratic party, so far as the Legislature was concerned. They did not foresee, however, the tremendous revolution in the political affairs of the county which defeated this expectation. But by the provision requiring large counties to elect their whole representation by general ticket, instead of by single districts, the Democracy has, year after year, had a large advantage in the House of Representatives over what a fair plan of electing would have given it. For instance, Hamilton county elects ten members of the House this year. Had party lines remained unbroken the Republican party by a small majority would have carried the entire delegation. A few votes the other way would have carried the delegation unbroken for the other party. Had the county been broken up into ten single districts better and abler representatives would have been chosen, much political trickery and corruption avoided, and a fairer representation of all shades of political opinion have been secured, than under the present system. The system of senatorial districts is so organized under the Constitution as to give the Democracy a perpetual advantage, especially in a close contest. This is one of the evils we hope to see avoided.

The framers of the Constitution designed to make its amendment impossible, by requiring a majority of all the votes cast at a general election to ratify. But for this the more objectionable features of this Constitution would have been removed long ago. We should have preferred to have dispensed with the cost and worry of a Convention, and the risks of encountering all manner of insane chimeras from the impracticles who turn up at such times, but we saw no other way to remedy evils long endured, but to trust the good practical sense of the people of Ohio to elect a Convention which shall make a few necessary, common sense changes, and then go home. We do not want a Convention to arrange for the advantage of any political party, but one which will put every check and hindrance in the way of tyranny and corruption in any party. Constitutional gerrymandering is not only wrong in principle, but proves abortive whenever tried. Political changes will ere long render impossible the advantages demagogues hope to secure from them. Fairness and honesty will be the best policy.

Let us have a Convention of practicable, sensible men, who will be willing to make as few changes as possible, and those which best subserve the interests of the Commonwealth and the harmonious working of our State government. The people must exercise unusual care in the selection of delegates, as it is in the power of Constitution menders to do much harm. A proper care will be well rewarded.

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### WHISTLING TO KEEP COURAGE UP.

Gen. FRANK BLAIR has undertaken the task of whistling up the courage of the disheartened Democracy. He protests against the proposition of the Democratic organ of his own city, the St. Louis *Republican*, that the Democratic party make no national nominations in 1872, and also dissents from the proposal that, for prudential reasons, the South should leave the whole question of nominations in the hands of their Northern allies and brethren. He has addressed the Democrats of Montgomery, Alabama, at length, on these topics, and assured them that the elements of disaffection with Gen. GRANT are so strong that he can be easily beaten by a prudent nomination by the Democrats next year.

We quite agree with General BLAIR that it would be obviously improper for the Southern Democracy to stand aloof from the counsels of their brethren, so as to let them have things all their own way. Such an arrangement would be like a Southern plantation owner giving up the management of his business to his ex-slaves, and consequently one in which both parties would act with extreme awkwardness. We can scarcely imagine how a Democratic Convention could be called regular, or its action be considered binding, without the guiding hand of the Southern oligarchy upon its machinery.

General BLAIR also thinks that the attempt of the Democracy to carry elections by sailing under the false colors of the "new departure" is a decided failure. He says that the "new departure" was a confession of the inability of the party to carry elections on its own convictions and principles. So the voters of the country understood it. And the beauty of the arrangement to our eyes, is the fact that the avowal of their true principles will not avail the party any better than did their hypocritical professions.

Gen. BLAIR comforts his brethren with the hope that there will be great disaffection with the re-nomination of Gen. GRANT, and that the Democracy will receive large reinforcements from the ranks of the disaffected. We have no doubt that there will be some dissatisfaction with the renomination of Gen. GRANT. The same would be true if any other man were nominated. There is never perfect unanimity in any party on such matters. And if any one is so nearly converted to Democracy as to be ready to go over on such a slight pretext let him not stand on the order of his going, but go at once. For each of such half-hearted, calculating, managing, self-seeking men, we can convert two honest men from the Democracy, who are only kept from our cause by the presence of just such trimmers as Gen. BLAIR claims are now ready to leave us.

The Republican party must stand by its principles for the sake of the country. We are not ready to commit the destiny of the country into the hands of the madcaps who attempted to throw the ship of State on the rocks of secession and disunion. We claim no infallibility as a party. We are painfully conscious that we have in our ranks too many such men as FRANK BLAIR was when he professed our faith for the sake of office, and we wish the Democracy no better fate than to attract all such men to themselves. But we have no Tammany clique to corrupt elections—no southern oligarchy to dictate our course. We have a party made up of the bone and sinew of the country, who want the Constitution administered in the interest of humanity, freedom and justice. Let that party be true to the country and to its own convictions, and the war for the Union will not have been fought in vain.

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### THE FIRST CONVICTION OF THE CRIME OF POLYGAMY.

The case of HAWKINS, the Mormon polygamist who was arraigned before the United States Court in Utah, on complaint of his lawful wife, was given to the jury, after an eminently able charge by Chief Justice MCKEAN, on Friday evening of last week, and on Saturday morning a verdict of guilty was returned. The prisoner was promptly placed in custody of the Sheriff by the Court, against the strong remonstrances of his counsel, and he will doubtless be sentenced to undergo the punishment which the laws of the United States prescribe for his offense.

This is the first instance in which the authority of the laws of the United States has been asserted over cases of lasciviousness perpetrated under the sanction of the so called Mormon religion. The execrable iniquity of the practice of polygamy appears strikingly in this case. The lawful wife of HAWKINS declared that she had borne the accused seven children when he took another wife. He gave no reason for this except the cruel and insulting one that she had had her day. As she had a right to do she appealed to the proper legal tribunal for the protection of her rights as a wife and mother, and for the protection of a large class of deeply injured and grossly outraged wives and mothers, who have been compelled, by Mormon oppressors, and the timidity of United States officials, to bear their wrongs, without hope of relief or redress.

This conviction institutes a new era in the history of Mormondom. Mormonism must submit to law as other sects and denominations are compelled to do. Crime cannot be permitted under cover of religious freedom. A religion which is used to defend and shelter crime has no claim to toleration. Bandits have just as much right to organize a church and proclaim a religion sanctifying their deeds of murder, robbery and pillage, as Mormons have to deprive lawful wives and legitimate children of their rights, and to give license to crime in the name of religion.

The action of the United States Court in Utah will be firmly sustained by the Administration. The law under which this conviction is had places the system of polygamy at the mercy of the legal wives of the Mormon offenders. A proper firmness on the part of the authorities, and this execrable blot on our civilization will soon be removed.

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### POLITICAL NOTES.

General A. R. Wright is one of the prominent candidates for the United States Senate in Georgia. The legislature will elect a Senator early in the winter session.

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It is announced in a general way, that Senator Harlan will not be re-elected from the State of Iowa by the Legislature just chosen, but that either William B. Allison or James E. Wilson will be the nominee of the Republican party.

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The Rock Island *Argus*, a Democratic organ, dishes up the Iowa election after the following style: "Black Iowa has gone Republican by a majority somewhere between fifty thousand and a million."

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Mrs. Tracy Cutler and Lucy Stone insert as a clause in their platform that their single aim is suffrage, and give every one to understand that they are satisfied with marriage as it is, and in no way incline to free-love.

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Official returns have been received at Columbus from sixty-three counties, which give a majority for the constitutional convention of 46,833. Of this amount Hamilton county gave 38,368. The total Prohibition vote in sixty-three counties is 2,297. Hamilton county gave but 14 votes of this sort.

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The Rochester *Democrat* in an article on the prospect says: With regard to New York, there is naturally a great deal of nervous apprehension on the part of Republicans. As we have seen, however, we lost the election last fall by our own fault. We have, therefore, but to work for victory now, in order to secure it. Further than this, the friends of reform in New York city are on the alert now, and it is not probable that false counting will be as easily perpetrated as in 1868.

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In the Iowa Legislature, the House will be composed, according to the *Register*, of one hundred and fifty members—forty nine in the Senate, and one hundred and one in the House. The Senate will this session, be composed of forty-one Republicans; one independent Republican, and seven Democrats, the latter numbering the same as last session. The House will have eighty Republicans—three or four of them independents—and twenty-one Democrats, a gain of seven over last session. Counting in the independent Republicans as they were last session, there will be one hundred and twenty-two votes in the Republican caucus, requiring sixty-two to nominate.—So sixty two is the number to be figured on, and whoso secures it is the Senator to come.

—

The number of votes cast at the recent election in California was something over 120,000. At the Presidential election in 1860 the vote was 118,840, the largest ever cast prior to the late election. Subtracting the colored vote, it would seem that the voting population has not been much increased in the last eleven years. The San Francisco *Bulletin* explains the seeming fact by the circumstance that the State lost largely in adult males by the silver mining rushes subsequent to 1860, and much the larger proportion of her late gains of population have been women and children.

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*Every Saturday* inclines to the opinion that we are drifting as indicated in the following: "It is obvious, therefore, that the political drift of the times is more and more toward mere differences of administration, seeing that the great cause of the fundamental issues of the past is removed, and the regenerative influence of the times toward purer elections and better officials must eventually reach all parties alike. The recent speeches of men as unlike as Secretary Boutwell, Senators Trumbull and Morton, and Mr. Groesbeck, show the same turning away from the old issues toward those minor differences on finance, currency, free trade, and kindred questions of administrative policy, which, important as they are, can only hold their interest with the masses by being associated with questions of Labor Reform, Civil Service Reform, Woman Suffrage, and others of the future in which the moral element shall predominate."

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The Democrats of Maryland are not harmonious, and the Republicans hope to make some gains at the November election. Ever since 1867 the Democratic party has had almost undisputed sway in that State; but the Baltimore *American* says that four years of power have brought out so many ambitious office-seekers that there is danger that the party will fall to pieces for the want of union between the warring factions. In some of the counties of the Eastern Shore there are serious divisions, and in two of them at least there are independent tickets. In Baltimore county the Democratic candidates have become so corrupt that the people, without distinction of party, have risen against them, and nominated a ticket composed of upright and honorable men. In Alleghany county they are divided upon candidates for judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit, In Frederick and Montgomery counties the Democratic Convention was unable to agree upon a candidate for judge of of the Sixth Circuit and adjourned without making a nomination.

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The New York *Tribune* commenting on the decision of the Democratic inspectors in Montgomery county, not to receive the votes of the crippled veterans of the Soldiers Home says: "We pray that the return be contested to the bitter end. If the Democrats can afford to clutch power by the disfranchisement of the veterans, we certainly can. But let the issue be distinctly made."

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The Cincinnati *Commercial* has the following to say of General YOUNG: The election of General YOUNG to the Senate, with a Republican Lieutenant Governor presiding to give casting votes, establishes the Republican control of that body, and will quench the ambition of the irregulars to serve in the United States Senate. General YOUNG is a gentleman of declared preferences and principles. His first choice for the Senate is ROBERT C. SCHENCK, his second choice JOHN SHERMAN.

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The DesMoines *Register* says that the Republican majority in Iowa is 40,000. This long delay in getting returns was caused by the Chicago fire, which cut off direct communication by telegraph for a day or two, and it appears that after that the press agent overlooked the matter.

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Carl Schurz, in the Westliche *Post*, of St. Louis, says:

"After the splendid victories of the Republicans in Iowa, Ohio and Pennsylvania many things will become plain to the comprehension of the Democrats.—In Ohio and Pennsylvania the new departure played its best trumps. It has been proven beyond a doubt that Democratic trumps can no longer win. Far-seeing Democrats have long since become convinced that their party has the consumption, and that it can not carry on a national contest with the least prospect of success. The Republican victories are hammering this conviction deeper into the masses, and soon every Democrat, who is not entirely blinded by prejudice, will become convinced that the Democratic party only exists for the purpose of keeping together the Republican party."

It doesn't exist even for that purpose. The Republican party is too much a party of principle to derive much aid from mere opposition, in keeping together. The *Post* apparently loses sight of the fact that the triumph of the Republican party is owing more to its good principles than to the bad theories of the Democracy.

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One of the embarrassing questions growing out of the great fire at Chicago, and with which the Legislature will probably have to deal, is some provision which shall secure to the citizens of Chicago the exercise of the rights as voters to which they are unquestionably entitled. The Chicago *Tribune*, discussing this question, takes the ground that the enforced absence of a voter does not destroy his legal residence; that being a matter of intention, and that every man will be a voter in the ward and precinct where he resided before the fire, unless he has resolved to change his residence. Voters must therefore register and vote in their former precincts, even though there be no actual resident in them. Aldermen and Supervisors must be elected in their respective wards by the legal voters thereof.

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It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

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### BUSINESS NOTICES.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, a most excellent work, and our publications will be sent as follows:

The Magazine and the BLADE..........$2 00
The Magazine and the AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL..........1 00
All three..........2 60

This gives the people the cheapest reading in the world.

Specimens sent free. For specimens of the magazine address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, New York.

◆

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST (Toledo, O.) for November is on hand, and is fully up to its standard of excellence. Subscribers receive over fifteen dollars worth of new music, printed from full sized music plates. Terms, $1 per year, or three months on trial for 25 cents.

◆

THE CHICAGO ADVERTISING AGENTS.—COOK, COBURN & TAYLOR are alive as before the fire, and have found temporary quarters at 13 North street.

SHARP & THAIN have established themselves at Room 5, No. 65 South Canal street, and are doing business.

◆

THE KNABE PIANO.—We refer with special pleasure to the advertisement of the Great Piano Manufactory of Messrs. WM. KNABE & Co., of Baltimore.

The factory now is one of the largest in the world; it is a magnificent five story structure, fronting an entire block on Eutaw st., and covering, together with the Lumber Yards attached, some two and one-half acres of ground. Three hundred and fifty men are constantly employed turning out over forty instruments per week.

The Knabe Piano has by its superiority not only well nigh driven those of Northern manufacture from the home market, but also enjoys a large sale in New York, Philadelphia and throughout the entire North and West, besides their largely increased Southern trade.

The most talented musicians of the day, both amateur and professional, testify to their superiority, and wherever exhibited they have never failed to carry off the highest awards over all competition, having received no less than 65 first premiums. During the last season they were used simultaneously by the distinguished artists at the Opera Houses in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, &c. There is certainly no instrument made, more durable than the KNABE PIANO, none but the best work is being employed and only the very best of material used.

◆

THE BEST VIEWS OF CHICAGO AFTER THE FIRE.—Our energetic friend BLIVEN went to Chicago very soon after the great fire, and has the finest views we have yet seen. See his card elsewhere in this week's issue.

THE MANHATTAN FAMILY SEWING MACHINE has received within the past ten days, testimonials as to its excellence, that would make the reputation of any machine. From every State in the Union, comes up the cheering words "It is the best machine I ever used." One lady in Northern Ohio writes, "I run the Manhattan in the room where my niece lies sick, and it does not disturb her in the least. And such sewing as it does." Another writes, "The Manhattan is the fifth sewing machine I have had, and it is the best of the five." The lady readers of the BLADE, who desire to know more of this machine, will write to the agency nearest them (see advertisement) for circular containing particulars, and samples of its work.

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We are assured that the GEM OF THE WEST AND SOLDIERS' FRIEND will be issued promptly as soon as the plates can be had.

◆

☞ DOOLEY'S Yeast Powder is used in one million families in the United States, and has been for ten years. It has outlived a hundred competitors and is beyond question the best thing of the kind in the market. It is healthful, certain and sure, and the housewife who has used it once will never use any other.

◆

If the baby is cutting teeth, use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity and wind colic, and, by giving the infant natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

◆

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE.—Send by mail, 50 cents to ALFRED L. SEWELL, publisher, Chicago, and receive, post paid, a copy of his book of incidents of the Great Chicago Fire.

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"Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy made me a well man."—W. O. Brown, Toledo, Ohio.

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Ask for the STAR AXE, and take no other.

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Pratt's Astral Oil is used in all families where a perfectly safe and reliable article is appreciated. The *American Agriculturist* says: "We would not use any other oil, if it cost $5 per gallon."

Oil house of Chas. Pratt, 108 Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1770.

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Decay's effacing finger will never mar the teeth that are brushed daily with odoriferous SOZODONT. It lends a floral fragrance to the breath as well as protects the teeth from corrosion and decomposition.

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The same steel that is used in making razors is used in the STAR AXE.

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SWEET SIXTEEN.—If you wish to look young as well as beautiful, use Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and Lyons' Celebrated Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion natural, transparent and lively. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Moth patches, &c., and instead of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of a city belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of youth. Add to this a luxuriant head of hair, produced by Lyon's Kathairon, and a lady has done her happiest thing in the way of adornment. It is the best dressing in the world, and prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray. Sold by all druggists.

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STAR AXES sold at wholesale by C. GERBER & Co., Toledo, O.

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We are taking great pains with our STAR AXES, and guarantee them to give satisfaction. GERBER & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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**$10 from 50 Cents.**

Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or twelve samples sent (postage free) for fifty cents that retails readily for ten dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT,
181 Chatham Square, N. Y.
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Thirty thousand STAR AXES sold in 1870.

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C. GERBER & Co., Toledo, Ohio, proprietors of the STAR AXE. Send for price lists, and try the axe.

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UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE relieves the most violent paroxysms in five minutes, and effects a speedy cure. Price, $2, by mail.

Superfluous hair removed in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by UPHAM'S Depilatory Powder. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 106, South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. Sold by all druggists.

◆

We will send a sample STAR AXE to any address for $1 25. C. GERBER & Co.

◆

An Indiana girl tearfully consented to marry a man she hated, because she couldn't bear the thought of losing the wedding trousseau.

In Kansas a wife who purchases personal property from her husband in good faith, and for a sufficient consideration, is in equity the owner of that property.

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## PESHTIGO.

### Incidents of the Great Fire.

[From the Green Bay Advocate, Oct. 19.

Mr Shepard, of Peshtigo, was aroused on Sunday night by the servant girl, after he had retired, with the information that there was danger from fire. He ran to the mill, attached the hose and commenced wetting down the mill. When the tornado came and he saw that all was lost, he ran to the house to save his wife and children, in which he succeeded. After the village was burned, when Mr. Shepard supposed he had not an article left but the clothes they had on, which were burned full of holes, the servant girl went to the site of the house and dug up out of the sand all his best clothing, the silver ware and most valuable goods, that she had buried without his knowledge, while he was trying to save the mill. Mrs. Shepard lost some of her clothing, as the fire did not give the girl time to bury it deep enough. That girl is a jewel.

On Thursday, the 5th inst., Mr. J. G. Clement, formerly a painter in Fort Howard, late of Peshtigo, was married to Miss Trudell, daughter of Theodore Trudell of Menominee. The bride's mother visited them at Peshtigo on Sunday, the 8th, and left at 4 P. M. When the fire struck Peshtigo Mr. Clement took his wife in his arms and started for the river. They met a man with a buckboard, going to save his wife and family, but seeing the task was hopeless he started to go back. Mr. Clement asked him to save his wife and he would do the best he could for himself. The man took Mrs. C. and Clement ran behind, holding on the buckboard, but finally fell in the road and died from suffocation. The bride begged to be allowed to get out but was held in and taken to the river, where she arrived unconscious, but was restored and saved. He was buried by the Odd Fellows at Menominee on Friday.

Mrs. Heldenworth, a woman sick with a fever, was on a log in the river at Peshtigo, with a child. Her husband had gone back to the town for some purpose, and when he returned his wife and child were gone. The fact was that a cow came swimming along and rolled over the log. She caught the cow by the horns, and the cow swam out with the woman and child. They were found and secured in the river again.

Many persons are said to have been drowned by cattle rolling the logs over.

In the Lower Sugar Bush Mr. C. R. Towsley was found lying on the ground, a child on each side of him, the throats of all three cut and a knife lying on his breast. The father had evidently, when he saw that escape was impossible, chosen to die by the knife rather than endure the horrors of torture by fire. About ten rods from them lay Mrs. T. with an infant child on one arm and a Bible on the other, and a likeness of one of the other children on her breast.

Wm. Curtiss was found in a well with the bucket chain around his neck.

A man, a shoemaker running for the river at Peshtigo, found a little girl four years of age and took her into the water. She lay across his shoulder and he swam with her about half an hour and saved her without injury, although he was considerably burned himself.

Mr. Dix got his family in the river, half clad. The baby had on nothing but a nightgown. Somebody brought a bundle of bed clothing to the river. Dix opened it and took out a sheet. The owner wanted to take it away from him for fear it would get burned, but he secured it, spread it over his family and kept it wet by throwing water on it with his hat. He thinks he could not have saved his baby without it.

P. M. Brown informs us that Miss Augusta Bartels, about fourteen years old, daughter of Fred Bartels, Peshtigo, was in the Sugar Bush, visiting her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Newton.—When the fire burst upon them she said there was no use in trying to live, all had got to be burned, and threw herself into the creek, that ran through Stephen Storey's farm, where she was drowned. The cries and lamentations of the old people were pitiful to hear.

The scene after the fire, about daylight, in front of the company's blacksmith shop, where a heap of coal was burning and the people had gathered to to dry and warm themselves, was heart-rending in the extreme. Men, women and children were crying and wringing their hands, and such exclamations as these were common: "Where is my husband?" "Where is my wife?" "Where are my children." Some finding their friends were dead wished they had died too.

During the fire roofs and chimneys blew off with the force of the wind and showers of burning coals filled the houses.

Next morning many of the survivors breakfasted on raw cabbage—a field of cabbage having escaped. The first aid was a load of provisions from John Mulligan's railroad camp. Provisions from Marinette arrived about noon, and from Green Bay next day.

Every one had sore eyes, and all walked with their heads down, or bandages over their eyes.

The first ones to collect the dead and make arrangements for their burial, were John Mulligan and his wife. Mulligan, (who will be remembered as the prize fighter, but whose heart is much larger than his fists,) saved his wife by carrying her in his arms from Hale's place to and across the bridge and into the river, a distance of half a mile. There is the advantage of muscle.

The family of John Greyer, an old Frenchman in the bush, was found, the charred remains of three in the ruins of the house, and another still sitting on a stump near by.

A Swede sitting on a chair in the Peshtigo Company's boarding house, was urged to flee for his life, but set there and was burned with the house.

John Plush died in his accustomed place by the tavern door. Another man died with his hands on the handle of Woodward's force pump.

A gentleman walking through the ruins in Peshtigo saw a burned pocket knife and a slate pencil and picked them up. In doing so he saw a line of white ashes the shape of a body, and a few teeth. This was the earthly remnant of a boy.

We learn that a woman in the Sugar Bush, seeing the impending doom, started with a team and wagon with her children for Peshtigo. On the road she found a tree that she could not get over and immediately cut one horse loose, got upon his back with her children and reached the river at the village, saving them all, but with clothing nearly burned off. Here, on the bank of the river, she gave birth to a child.

A man in Peshtigo village started for the river with his wife. They stumbled and fell in the dense smoke, and springing up again he seized, as he supposed, his wife, and got her into the river.—When the smoke cleared away, he was horrified to find that he had saved another man's wife, and his own wife was burned to death.

S. V. D. Philbrook & Brother had a ship yard on the Island at Menekaune, at which the little schooner Stella was being repaired. Large numbers of people flocked aboard of her, and as the fire got uncomfortably close some were for cutting the lines and letting her adrift. Mr. P. seized a handspike and threatened death to any one who would cut the lines, and this held the vessel until many got on board, and in fact, our informant says, her lines burned off. She drifted off into the middle of the river, where she grounded on a bar and remained all night in front of the burning town.

F. Crickelair tells us how Charles Rubens, in the town of Lincoln, saved his family of six children. He had a house and store, and, when he saw they could not be saved, he put his children in the well. Afterward he took them out and put them in the middle of a field and threw the goods from his store into the well. In saving the last child his face was badly burned, and his shirt burned so he tore it off. The goods put in the well were all burned but one piece of flannel in the water. He has been blind ever since the fire, and is now in town under treatment.

A young lady ran for the river with a child in her arms; but, overcome by the heat and fright, fainted and was dragged by some one to the water and saved. In the morning she learned that her sister was burned.

One old man, after the fire abated, was found to be so burned in his side that his entrails hung out. His hands and face were horribly burned, and he begged piteously for some one to kill him and end his misery.

A little girl, as she clung to her mother's dress, looked up and asked, "Mamma, what shall we pray?"

If you suppose the worst snow storm you ever witnessed, and each snow flake a coal or spark of fire, driven before a fierce wind, you have some idea of the state of the atmosphere at the time the fire struck the town.

Mr. Johnson, in the sugar bush, threw his money, with some bedding, into his well, covered the well with boards and piled dirt on the boards. The wind blew off the dirt, the boards burned, and all the clothing and money were destroyed.

Some one who saw the fire approach the town from a distance, says there seemed to be a vast cloud, streaked with blood, which went in advance of the fire in the woods, leaped over the adjoining timber, and fell upon the town.

There were many phenomena, which, aside from the fire, were similar to the tornadoes that frequently swept over the country. Roofs were lifted from buildings and windows burst in. Whatever was light and movable was caught up and carried forward and burned, so that the air seemed literally to be on fire. It was no more than what might happen in any timbered country, especially where the timber was principally pine, in time of drouth, with fires scattered through the woods, if a hurricane should sweep over it.

# Correspondence.

## Wanderings in the West.

### No. 25.

DEAR BLADE:—In my last letter I stated some of the advantages of emigrating to a new country in the spring, and contrasted the cases of two farmers of moderate means, supposing one to go in the spring and the other in the fall. I wish to repeat here that I advise no farmer to go in the fall—I mean to move out with his family—unless he shall have been out in advance or in some other way secured a house for them and had some sod broken so as to be ready for the coming season's crops. If he has done this he can easily find employment during the winter in making such improvements as will suggest themselves to any enterprising farmer; but if he has not done this he had far better remain in his old home till spring, and then go as early as the weather will admit.

In this letter I will suppose the case of an emigrant arriving at his new home in the spring, and give an outline of his operations for the first year or so.

But perhaps it would be as well first, for the benefit of those who have never been west, to give them some idea of how it will look when they get there, for I know that a good many are disappointed in the appearance of things, and this disappointment often speedily ripens into home-sickness and chronic discontent and dislike for the country, when there may be really no good reason for either. Among the other preparations necessary to be made before starting, none is more important than that of having the mind fully made up to meet with courage and a cheerful spirit all the inconveniences and discomforts of life in a new country. With such a determination as this on the part of the settler the battle is half won; and without such a determination he had better not go. He should keep steadily in view the fact that he is working for the future—for a home for himself and family—and, if his means are limited that he can't get this anywhere if he is unwilling to "labor and to wait."

Of course I can only give a general idea of the appearance of the country, for no description that could be written would apply to all sections. But there are certain general features that are alike nearly everywhere, and for the reasons given above it is well for those proposing to emigrate to have as correct an idea of these as possible.

Imagine, then, the region of country where you live with all the houses, barns, fences, orchards and other improvements taken out of it, and you will have a pretty good idea of the appearance of the unsettled portions of the great west. If you are going into a prairie country you will, of course, be prepared for the absence of timber. Perhaps there may be a belt of timber in sight along some stream, but sometimes in a view embracing a circle twenty or thirty miles in diameter you may not be able to see more than half a dozen trees, if any at all. If the prairie is level, or nearly so you seem to be in the hollow of a great basin with the land gently rising to the horizon all around you. As you travel on you seem to be going up this gradual assent all the time, but looking back it seems as if you had been as gradually descending. And so, on what is called a level prairie, you go on all day without reaching the summit of the elevation that appears all the time only a few miles distant. Still, level as it seems, there is generally descent enough in some direction to carry off the surplus water, but it may be impossible for an unpracticed eye to tell in what direction the water would flow.

On what is called a rolling prairie—that is one on which the surface is broken by small hills and vallies—the appearance is very different. It is less monotonous and there is but little of that deception of apparently traveling all the time up hill and never reaching the top.

Now, if you are going west alone, or only with your family, and your location is to be on one of these prairies, where there are few settlers, and perhaps none at all within sight, you will have rather a lonesome time of it at first. Looking over the prairie perhaps you may discover here and there what looks like a little block island in the great sea of green. These are the "breakings" of the coming settlers—those who are to be your future neighbors, and who have been out themselves or sent and had some sod broken on their "claims" so as to be ready for cultivation when they arrive with their families. Where this can be done it is always a great help, and I advise it whenever it is impossible.

I do not recommend any family, however, thus to go alone and settle far away from any neighbors. If a man makes up his mind that it is better for him to go west, it is generally easy for him to find a few friends or acquaintances who are going. Let them agree upon some locality and all go together. Thus they secure neighbors from the start, and besides avoiding the lonesomeness and homesickness almost certain to attack those who go alone, they may be of very great assistance to each other in many ways.

This description as I said in the start, is only general, but it will, I think, give my readers some idea of how things look to the settler when he first arrives at his new home.

Having arrived there, the first thing is to get some sort of shelter. If it is time to commence breaking, every hour should be improved; as the cold weather will be over, any kind of temporary shelter should be made to answer until the season for breaking is past, for every acre broken in proper season will be ready for cultivation the next year in any kind of crop desired, and time lost the first season throws the settler back just one year in bringing his land under cultivation. A board shanty that can be constructed in a day or two, ought to be made to answer the purpose until the season for breaking is over. During that season the plow should, if possible, be kept running six full days every week. Thus with one good team a man ought to break from fifty to sixty acres the first season.

If he has no help, he will have to stop long enough to do his planting, but this is done pretty rapidly, and need not take much time. If he has a couple of stout boys, they can plant while he keeps the plow running, and thus none of the valuable breaking season will be lost.

The manner of planting corn on, or rather *in* or *under* sod will surprise many eastern farmers. Sometimes a boy follows the plow about every fourth furrow and drops the seed corn, three or four grains together in the furrow. Then when the plow comes along again, the sod is turned right over on this and there it is left. You would not think it possible for the corn to work its way up through this tough sod that has taken perhaps three stout horses to turn over; but it does—at least enough of it to make a pretty good showing. A much better plan is to plant the corn *in* the sod after it has been turned over. There is a small hand machine for doing this which costs from four to six dollars, but it is often done with a hatchet. A man or boy goes along, strikes the hatchet into the sod, drops the corn into the opening thus made and presses the earth together again with his foot. Generally no cultivation is given to sod corn. It cannot be plowed or even harrowed, for the sod would be turned over and thus the corn destroyed; but it may be helped considerably by a little hoeing. People in the west don't generally expect much of a crop from this sod corn, but I have seen a great deal of it that would yield from thirty to forty bushels per acre. Then again I have seen many fields that would not yield more than five or ten bushels.

A good garden should be commenced as early in the season as the weather will permit. Potatoes should also be planted and a fair crop may generally be counted on the first year. Beans also do well on sod, and sometimes barley also. Turnips, beets and ruta bagas nearly always do well. Wheat cannot be raised the first year.

Thus it is possible for a family after the first three months to secure the greater part of their living from their farm. Chickens are easily raised, and I remember now a homestead I stopped at one day where the industrious wife assured me their chickens and turkeys would supply them with most of the meat they would want for the year.

All the crops which can be grown on sod having been planted, and the breaking season over, a house should be commenced at once. The size and style of this should, of course, depend on the means at command. Better get along with a small, cheap house at first than go much in debt. But if you have the means to do so make it roomy, neat and comfortable, but *above all convenient*. I would like to write a whole letter on this subject, and don't know but I will soon, for it does seem the easiest thing in the world for men to make mistakes in building.

Women generally have five times the knowledge of the comforts and conveniences of a house that men have, therefore consult your wife about it and let her have it about as she pleases; and if you have no wife consult the woman you expect to make such, and who is to be more interested in the house than anybody else.

A temporary stable, with roof and sides of prairie hay, is easily and cheaply made. The hay for that, as well as for what stock you may have is had for the cutting anywhere on the prairie. Your fuel—wood or coal, whichever may be the cheapest—you will get from the nearest Railroad station.

In most prairie counties there are herding laws, requiring owners of stock to prevent it from running at large, so that no fencing is necessary except what is needed to keep your own stock in. Therefore the latter part of the summer and the entire fall, except the time occupied in gathering the crops, may be used in building the house and making any other improvements that may be desired.

And among the most important of these improvements is the setting out of plenty of trees. Every farmer who settles on a prairie should do this the very first opportunity. Soft maple, cottonwood, black walnut, and hickory, grow very rapidly, and in a very few years with a little care, a handsome grove of them may be had, which will add largely to the beauty and value of the place.

The next spring the sod first broken will be throughly rotten and the ground ready for any crop desired, and the method of cultivation does not vary from that in the east.

And now having carried our settler through the first—which is always the hardest—year of his experience in his new home we leave him. A. P. M.

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WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1871.

The Chicago disaster continues to be the overshadowing excitement. Our Legislative Assembly is still in session, but has about matured its bill appropriating one hundred thousand dollars as the official contribution of the District towards repairing the devastation wrought by the devouring flames. The other contributions, including clothing, it is thought will carry up the relief fund of this city to $200,000.

This has been a season of wonderful calamities by flood and field. Railroad accidents, steam boat accidents, hurricanes, explosions, earthquakes, pestilential diseases and great fires, seem to have been let loose upon the world. The ravages of the fire-fiend in Wisconsin and michigan are scarcely less terrible than in Chicago, without the great commercial interests to give them national sympathy.

There is a considerable number of Chicago refugees in this city. I accidentally encountered a very destitute party which had moved from one house to another three or four times to be finally driven to the fields without shelter or any other valuables than those which they had on their persons. They came here on passes from the Chicago Mayor, which were respected by all the roads but the Baltimore & Ohio. That rich and powerful corporation declined to pass them free from Baltimore to Washington.

The Secretary of the Navy has done a good thing in putting his foot on the vile practice that has grown up in the Naval School at Annapolis of ill-treating new comers. The arrogant superiority of the older cadets, shown in what is called "hazing," has become so common and has led to such startling abuses that the Secretary has ordered the dismissal of several cadets who were the most guilty, and in his order he says: "The tradition and instincts of a naval officer call upon him to protect the weak, to be kind and courteous to strangers, and to render the service of the country as acceptable to its members as its privations and hardships will permit. The department is determined to out root the tendency to treat the incoming cadets with violence and inhumanity, and will punish to the extent of its power conduct so unworthy of officers and gentlemen. It must be understood that though mere youthful vivacity and mischief may be often overlooked, *persistent blackguardism* will not be tolerated."

General Butler's raid on the Washington treaty is not very acceptable to the Administration, which has depended on the treaty for a large share of its capital. The General, in his campaign for the Governorship, claimed that he was working in the interest of President Grant, and masked his batteries so well that some people were induced to believe him. Perhaps he also regards this onslaught against the treaty of Washington as a telling movement in favor of the Grant administration.

The first reports from Chicago that the wooden pavements were all destroyed by the fire, and added largely in spreading the conflagration caused a feeling of alarm in this city where wood pavements are just coming into use, and have been largely adopted under the new plans of improvement by our Board of Public Works. The statements to the contrary which have recently appeared have therefore given great satisfaction to our citizens. A dispatch published to-day says: "The wooden pavements remain intact and as firm as rocks, and are only scorched where red hot bricks or iron chanced to fall on them. They are about the only things which resisted the fearful heat."

The opinion seems to prevail here that Senator Sherman will be re-elected by your incoming Legislature without any serious opposition. Secretary Delano, if he ever had any idea of contesting Mr. Sherman's claims to the place, has been in no position to act efficiently. Besides, he has always said that he was not a candidate; and, as a member of the Cabinet, where he has a growing reputation as an able and successful administrative officer, he was already in a position of so much usefulness that his friends could not press him with any show of plausibility. Very likely he was willing to have his name used in view of what might happen in the future, but had little desire to be in the field at the present.

In his department Mr. Delano appears to be steadily advancing in the public estimation, and he seems to have the entire confidence of the President and the other heads of departments. He goes quietly forward in the line of duty without "fuss or feathers," but works hard and keeps everything snug and in order.

This district has an election in November for member of the House of Delegates and there is great activity just now in shaping things for that event. The election will have an additional interest from the fact that the loan of four millions ordered by our legislature for local improvements cannot be consummated without the sanction of the people, and it is to be placed before them for that purpose at the election. There is no doubt, I think, that the loan will be ratified. Our new voters will go for it because it gives them steady employment at good wages; the merchants and shop keepers will generally go for it because it will make business lively; and the real estate owners will be divided.

Washington does not slacken its pace in the march of progress. In all parts of the city gangs of workmen are employed on the streets and sidewalks, and we shall soon have a city with nicely paved streets and "all the modern improvements." I should say, too, that the city was never growing more rapidly, and never so well. The class of buildings is better, and the taste displayed makes one forget the "oldest inhabitant."

A new street railroad was opened a month or two ago, and is doing a good business—in fact making money; and in a few months a new railroad to Baltimore will be in running order, and another new road to Point of Rocks on the Potomac, opening a way to the west without first going east to Baltimore. BUCKEYE.

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## DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washburne has accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

A monument to Gen. D. D. Bidwell, who was killed at Cedar Creek, Va., was dedicated at Forest Lawn Cemetery at Buffalo, on Thursday.

The political parties of New York are busy nominating their candidates for the next election in the Seventh District. James O'Brien has been nominated for Senator by the Reformers. Tammany re-nominated the old candidates. Tammany made nominations for the State Senate Thursday night, including W. M. Tweed, Michael Norton, J. J. Bradley, and Henry W. Genet.

A despatch from Waupaukoneta, (O.) says considerable uneasiness is felt there on account of the proximity of fire. The driftwood at the Reservoir, a few miles from St. Marys, is burning, carrying cinders and ashes four or five miles.

An injunction has been granted against the Irving Fire Insurance Company, and M. J. Craw appointed receiver.

The State Insurance Commissioner, of Massachusetts, has called upon all Insurance Companies in the State to make returns of their condition.

The Green Bay (Wis.) *Advocate* learns from reliable sources that the loss of the Peshtigo Company by the recent fires in the lumber region was $360,000, with an insurance of upwards of $100,000. The loss of the same company in Chicago was large. It is asserted on good authority that they will pay every cent of their liabilities.

Gen. Lemon reports intense excitement prevailing at Winnepeg on account of the recent gold discovery at Lake Shabandawin. Specimens of the dust, nuggets and quartz have been brought to Winnepeg, and hundreds were rushing to the new gold fields. Lake Shabandawin is a short distance from Silver Islet.

Gen. Curley, one of the leaders of the late Fenian fiasco upon Manitoba, arrived at St. Paul Thursday, and was immediately arrested. Gen. Curley, like Gen. O'Neal, who was arrested on Monday, declares the Fenian raid was no raid at all, but merely a colonization scheme, and the colony could have resisted Col. Wheaton, if so disposed.

The N. Y. *Times* suggests that in case a jury cannot be found in the city to convict the municipal thieves, a trial should be had in Saratoga county, where the Democracy is not under the control of the ring. The same journal charges Tom. Fields, a Tammany politician, with being concerned with the passage for a consideration of large illegal claims against the city.

Immediately after the fire in Chicago the daily applications for relief numbered about forty thousand. Since that time the number has diminished from day to day, until now there are only about 26,000 daily applicants for help. The shelter committee thus far has received about 2,400 applications for lumber with which to put up small houses for homeless families, and about 1,308 of these applicants have up to this time been supplied with lumber contributed by lumber dealers and others, which is being framed into houses.

Snow fell Friday in Ulster county, N. Y., to the depth of two inches.

Intelligence from Yorkville, S. C., is to the effect that quite a number of prominent citizens of that section have left the country, ostensibly on business, but in reality to escape the penalty of the law.

It is believed the grand jury on Friday indicted one of the highest city officers of New York for fraud. No name is mentioned, and the officers of the Court refuse to give any information. Judge Ledwith was before the grand jury to testify in the case pending against the Mayor.

Gen. Sheridan has sent 3,000 army blankets, 2,000 overcoats and 100 wagons to the Wisconsin sufferers.

The national colored convention at Columbia South Carolina has resolved in favor of Grant and the Republican party, and against emigration to Liberia.

Comparative cotton statement: Total receipts from Sept. 1, 1871, 279,537; during the same period last year, 351,449, showing a decrease of 80,882 bales. Total exports from Sept. 1, 1871, 101,406; during same time last year, 104,496. Stock in 1871, 184,142; at all United States ports in 1870, it was 301,807 bales. Stock in 1871 at interior towns, 35,311; same time last year, 32,202.

An account of the proceedings of the Colored Convention at Columbia, S. C., shows that the following States were represented: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, North Carolina and the District of Columbia. Committees were appointed on the following subjects: Education and Labor; Address to the American People; Printing; Finance; Civil Rights; Emigration and Outrages in the South.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Jim Fisk Jr. has procured an injunction from Judge Pratt, of Brooklyn, prohibiting the use in any way of certain letters or papers possessed by Helen Josephine Mansfield, which were written by Jim Fisk J., a publication of which he says would expose him to public criticism and scandal. A receiver was appointed to take charge of the papers. The power which was sought to be exercised by order of Judge Pratt is almost unprecedented in such cases.

The Lorillard Insurance Company was compelled to suspend yesterday because of losses by the Chicago fire. The assets of the company are $1,750,000; liabilities unknown. The Atlantic and Manhattan companies have also suspended.

There was considerable excitement in Bloomfield, N. J., yesterday by the discovery that two women, the wife and daughter of Frederick Tillman, had probably been poisoned, circumstances having led to such a conclusion. One of them was found dead, and the other in a dying condition.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—Incendiaries fired the block bounded by Third, Fourth, Market and Stevenson streets, last night, at five different points. All the attempts were discovered and frustrated. The locality is thickly covered with frame buildings. The evident object was to burn the city.

CAIRO, (Ill.,) Oct. 22.—At Union City, (Tenn.) last night, while the passengers of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad train were at supper, three men jumped on the engine, ran the train back two miles, while two others entered the Express car and robbed the Express safe of about $4,000 and escaped. The messenger was at supper, and had left one man on guard, who was overpowered by the robbers.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 21.—The jury in the Hawkins case came in last night with a sealed verdict, which on being opened this forenoon, was found to be guilty. The court room was crowded, and the announcement created much sensation. The counsel for the people moved that the defendant be taken into custody, which motion was stoutly resisted by defendant's attorneys. The prosecution, however, were firm in their demand that the case should take the ordinary course, and the United States Marshal accordingly was directed to hold Hawkins as a prisoner. Time was allowed to prepare a motion for a new trial, and one in arrest of judgment. The penalty of the Utah statute for the crime of adultery is imprisonment not exceeding twenty years, and not less than three years, or a fine of not over $1,000, or both fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Court. This is a test case, and virtually places all polygamists at the mercy of the first wife, who, under the act, is the only party who can institute proceedings against the husband. The case was contested on both sides with great determination, and the charge of Chief Justice McKean to the jury last night, is spoken of as being eminently able.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Advices received here from South Carolina state that at Spartansburg, on Wednesday evening last, Ku Klux, consisting of a chief and seventy members, surrendered to United States Marshal Johnson, with their arms and disguises. Up to Friday morning seventy arrests had been made in the vicinity of that town alone. Spartansburg is known to be the headquarters for that Congressional District. Arrests have been made in other counties, but the number is not known here. Attorney General Ackerman is still with Colonel Morrill. A number of well known citizens are missing, including Lyle, a member of the legislature, who is reported to be chief of the Klan for that district. Among those who have disappeared are two or three clergymen, know for their strong rebel proclivities. The officers of the law are proceeding steadily with their work, and before the arrests are all made, they will show the existence of a deep and wide conspiracy against the State, the laws and all who sustain them. Most of the Ku-Klux refugees are known to have gone to Georgia, where the order is quite strong. The grand cyclone for that State is believed to be a son-in-law of Robert Toombs.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 21.—Information is received here from York and the adjoining counties of Spartansburg and Chester, stating there is great excitement there, owing to the summary proceedings of the United States Marshal and troops. Forty four citizens were arrested and crammed into the jail, which was already full of negroes. Several hundred citizens have deserted their homes in consequence of the wholesale arrests, and sought refuge in the woods until an opportunity presents itself to seek safety in more distant flight. A reign of terror exists in that entire section, and depredations are being committed on the property of citizens who have fled, by negroes and other evil disposed persons. A fight is said to have occurred on Broad river, between a band of Ku Klux and the United States troops, and the conflict was so severe that reinforcements have been called for.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 19.—The Door County Advocate contains a full account of the loss of life and property by the great fires in that county. Up to Sunday night, October 8th, the fire had been raging in the towns of Brussels, Union, Gardener, Forrestville, Claybank, Nosewaupee, Sturgeon Bay and Sevastapol, burning fences and timber, but leaving the houses untouched. At 9 o'clock on Sunday night, the fiery tornado swept down from the southwest, beginning at the Belgian settlement in Brussels, and sweeping through the towns of Union and Gardener, the west part of Sevastopol, down the east shore of the bay. Every building in its path was consumed. At Williamson's shingle mill, everything was burned, and a most awful destruction of human life ensued. Out of eighty persons at the mill, sixty-seven were burned to death. The few survivers tell a horrible tale of the scenes at this place. After the fire, forty-five bodies were found in a potato patch in the center of the clearing. Other bodies were found scattered, some in wells. There were many disfigured in a terrible manner, in some cases beyond recognition. This great destruction was but the work of fifteen minutes, and was the same tornado that burned up Peshtigo and 1,200 human beings.

Efforts for relief are not spared here or anywhere in the State, and donations from abroad are coming along just in time to make comfortable those who survived. Contributions in money can be sent to Hon. Alexander Mitchell, President of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company Bank, of Milwaukee, and clothing or provisions to Hon. Harrison Ludington, Mayor of Milwaukee.

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

PARIS, Oct. 18.—The final ratification by France of the treaty with Germany, has been dispatched to Berlin. By the treaty, the six departments to be evacuated by the Germans are declared neutral territory in a military point of view, until the stipulated payments of indemnity are completed. During that time these departments will not be occupied by French troops, and should France not fulfil her financial obligations, they will be reoccupied by the Germans.

The Emperor of Germany has approved the treaty with France, and ratifications will be formally exchanged on Saturday.

The Prussian *Cross Gazette* contradicts the account, given by Benedetti, of the negotiations between Bismarck and Napoleon in 1866. It asserts that the Germans, while at Versailles, found in the archives of the French government a copy in Benedetti's writing, of the famous secret treaty which was published last year.

PARIS, Oct. 22d.—A dispatch from Metz reports that serious troubles have arisen between the North and South German soldiery in garrison there, and that several encounters have occurred between members of the Bavarian and Prussian regiments.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The Atlantic cable companies have agreed to allow telegrams relating to the relief of Chicago to pass over the wires free of tolls.

English papers announce a strike of all hands in the woolen trade at Dewsbury, numbering 14,500 for an advance of ten to fifteen per cent in wages. An early settlement of the dispute was probable

LONDON, Oct. 21.—Subscriptions to the relief fund of Chicago continue. Up to last night the Mansion House fund had reached £36,000; Birmingham £30,000; Glasgow £50,000. Contributions have been opened at Cardiff. Details from York papers published, announce that the deepest sympathy is everywhere evinced. The Times and other leading papers urge a continuance of the benevolence.

LONDON, Oct. 21.—The workmen at Lincoln created a riotous disturbance this morning

Napoleon has returned to Chiselhurst He tells an interviewer that the paesent Government of France is weak and inadequate to the wants of the country.

PARIS, Oct. 21.—In a letter Gambetta stated that though the Republicans have been defeated there is no reason to despond.

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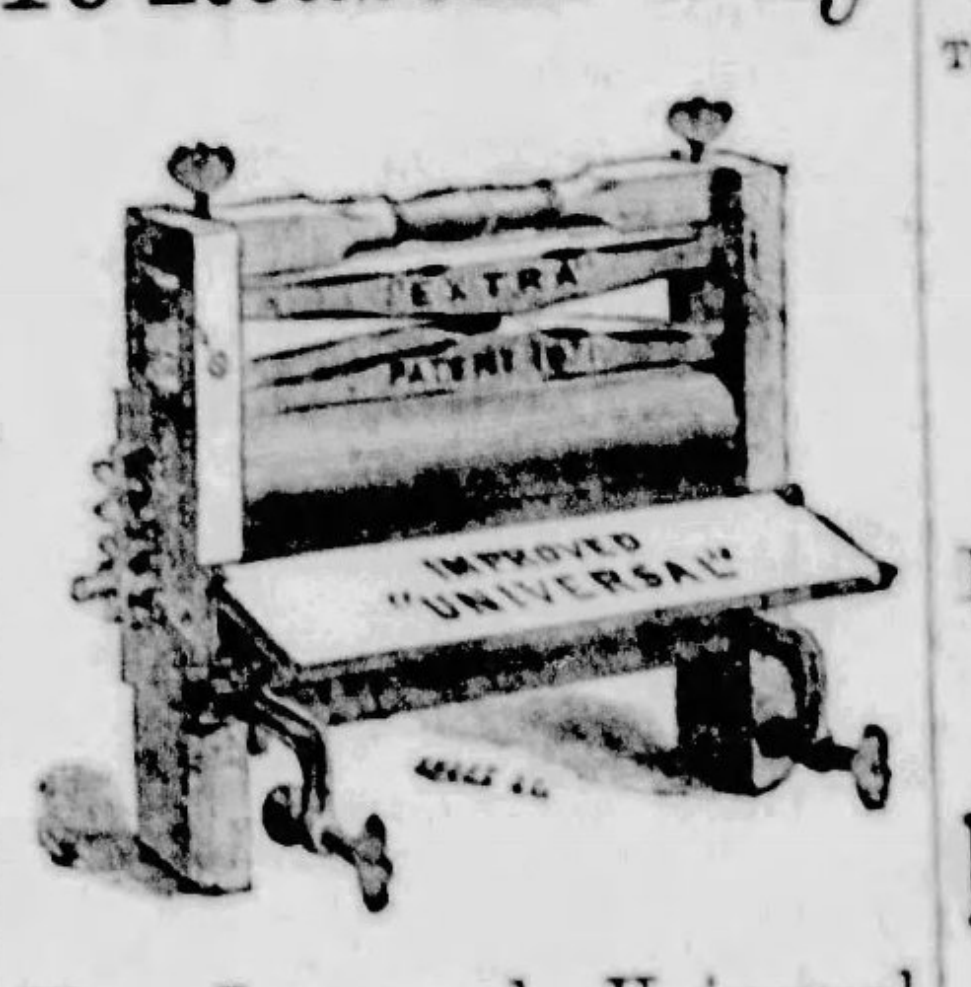

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Pussy-Clover's running wild,
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Pussy-Clover's sunburnt head,
That by cabin door-steps low
Lifts itself in tawny red.

Lady-Rose is shy and proud;
Maiden-Lily bashful-sweet;
Pussy-Clover loves a crowd,—
Seeks the paths of hurrying feet.

When tow-headed children run
Jostling to the railway track,
Pussy-Clover's in the fun,
Nodding forward, nodding back.

Matters little who sits there,
In the thundering car swept by:
Blossoms bow, and children stare,
Neither offering reason why.

Downy heads to hoary turn;
Scarcely noted is the change:
But the fair world's face grows stern,—
Wayside blossoms wan and strange.

Like all faithful, homely things,
Pussy-Clover lingers on
Till the bird no longer sings,
And the butterfly is gone.

Pussy-Clover looks the same,
Leaning on her stiffened stalk,
Brushing feet of child and dame
Up and down the chilly walk.

When the latest asters go,
When the golden-rod drops dead,
Then, at last, in heaps of snow
Pussy-Clover hides her head.

LUCY LARCOM.

### Porcupine Ridge.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

"I don't see what you spoke to her for. She sells matches."

"That's nothing; my papa sells matches, too."

"Ho! that isn't the same thing at all. Your papa has a big store with a sign. *She* tramps around the country and stops at all the houses, just like a beggar."

"But she isn't a beggar! And if she were I'd speak to her."

"Well, you might, but then I wouldn't speak to *you*."

Bretta stopped walking and looked at her friend with wide open eyes.

"I declare," said she, "if I was madder than mad I'd speak to folks; and what business would it be of yours if I talked with all the beggars in the country, so long as I treated you well?"

"A good deal of my business," retorted quick-tempered little Vie; "people that talk to me mustn't talk to dirty match girls and ragged beggars. So good by, Miss Bretta! I should be happy to walk along with you, but we might meet old Alick Gates or Liz Lorts out asking for cold victuals; and you would not want my society after you had found some much pleasanter."

Thereat Miss Viola Ketchum made a courtesy and walked off with such crushing dignity that Bretta hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. She did both at last, as she sat upon a mossy log, just in the edge of the woods, thinking it all over. "I declare," said she, presently, leaping to her feet, "I know just what I'll do!"

But as what Bretta had decided on is no concern of ours, just now, let us hurry off down the road to find Vie. That little lady had hardly got out of sight of her friend before her pride wilted and her tears began to fall.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself, "I meant to have such a good time with Bretta to day, because it's Saturday, and no school. Here's my basket full of luncheon that mamma put up for us, so we could stay in the woods till sunset if we wanted to; but I've upset everything, getting mad about nothing. Well, I can't go home yet awhile, for then I should have to tell all about it; I'll go off alone and see if I can think out how to be a better girl."

So Vie turned off the road, and climbed a fence or two, wound her way through a boggy meadow and a berry thicket, then plunged into the darkest piece of woods in all the country.

"I guess I'll go to the breakers," said she; "nobody can find me there, and I can climb down Porcupine Ridge and eat my dinner by the waterfall."

What were the breakers? Well, in that region of our world—a little north of the Alleghaney mountains—there were many streams and creeks winding about among the hills; and whenever they grew full of rain, and strong, they swept down the dirt from their beds and banks, and wore deeper ways through the soft shale. So some of them had cut the country up into deep dells and steep gorges, which no one could cross without great labor; these cuts or chasms were called breakers, perhaps because they broke the land up so; or, the children said, because if any one should fall down them he would break all his bones.

Vie wasn't afraid of being broken in pieces, so she rambled along by the gorges, peering down now and then, three hundred feet, to see the bed of the creek gleaming along its rapids. A few birds—Kingfishers they were—darted here and there into the water; and among the trees and vines of the sloping bank on the other side many smaller birds flitted, looking to Vie no larger than flies.

"Here is Porcupine Ridge," said she, "now for a scramble."

You would have thought it a "scramble" if you had seen the dear child going down. The narrow path was slippery with pine needles, and it was only by catching at sharp rocks, hugging rough barked trees, and holding on by tough old roots that had twisted themselves clear out of the soil as if they could not bear to be in prison, that she reached at last a small flat, half-way down, where a living stream of pure spring water waltzed away from a mossy rock high up, and whistled a merry dancing tune as it flashed along down to join the whole party of dancing waterfalls at the foot of the breakers.

"Now," said she, as she settled down upon the rank green moss, with the dashing water on one side, a great lichen-covered rock to lean against, and a little gushing spring bubbling out of the sloping bank three feet away—"Now I'm in the deepest, coolest, best place in the world, and I can think it all out clear. No, this isn't the deepest place, for it is ever so far down to the bottom; but it is the quietest, for even the birds don't come here as they go to other places.

"I wonder how I would feel to be a beggar; and I wonder what makes folks so poor and ragged. There is old Alick Gates; they say he was just as smart and strong and good to work as any one till that stick of timber struck his head; and ever since then, though he hasn't been really crazy, he hasn't known how to get along at all. If he works, it makes his head ache; so he just roams around, and talks to himself, and when he gets hungry, goes to the nearest house and asks for bread and meat. I suppose he can't help being a beggar, and I'd give him cold victuals—or warm victuals either; but I shouldn't want to talk to him.

"As to Liz Lorts, I've heard that her mother sends her out asking for things, and whips her like fury if she comes back with an empty basket. Seems to me I ought to be awful glad I'm not Liz Lorts! Why, she don't play at all, and she's just about my age! I wonder how she would feel if I should meet her and say 'Good morning, Elizabeth! Won't you come home with me and have a game of croquet?' But I wouldn't do it for a hundred dollars."

Vie laid her head down upon a little hillock of moss, and shut her eyes. "Oh, how sweet and cool it is here," whispered she, softly; "do they have such places in heaven, I wonder? When I go up among the angels, after I have seen the crowns and harps and white robes, and listened to the singing awhile, I shall say, 'Now, dear angels, may I go to the woods and find the waterfalls?' What will the angels say to me when they meet me first? I wish I could guess. I suppose they will pity me because I have lived in a poor world where God isn't very well known; and they will kiss me and say they are very glad to see me. Will they do so by Liz Lorts? Why, she's ever so much poorer than I am; and has such a hard life that I can't even guess how she feels. They'll pity her the most, likely as not, and talk to her the nicest."

A little laugh just at this thought gurgled through the soft air. "There! I think I see myself looking on while they talk to Liz! but if I feel there as I do here, I shall just shake myself and say, 'Good-by, angels! People who talk to beggars mustn't talk to me!' So I shall make a courtesy and walk off alone as I did this morning."

Vie had laughed when this absurd thought began to come; but now she sat up with very red cheeks and eyes moist with a sudden rush of tears.

"Oh, shame, shame!" she said aloud. "Are you so much better than the angels, Viola Ketchum, that you wouldn't speak to one they would make welcome in heaven? Shame, shame!" With that little Vie burst out crying, and washed away her pride in a great flood of tears. When, at last, she went to the clear spring to bathe her eyes, and get ready for dinner, she was saying to herself, "I'll speak to Liz Lorts the next time I meet her. I won't only say 'good morning,' but I'll ask her to come and see me, and I'll buy her a new calico dress with my dollar I was going to spend for ear-rings. Hark! what is that?"

Vie turned to listen. Yes, some one was surely climbing, or scrambling, or falling down Porcupine Ridge. Who could it be? Hardly anybody in the world but Vie and Bretta Edstrom ever dared that rough and difficult path. Could it be Bretta?—and had she come there to think everything out of a tangle as Vie had?

No, that was not Bretta's sun-bonnet that began to show through the greenery of the slope; nor Bretta's dress that fluttered in the wind, just as freely as if it had been a beautiful garment that any body might like to see flutter. The bonnet was old, gray and dirty; the dress was faded, forlorn and ragged. And still down the steep way the little body came, swinging by roots, holding fast to trees, catching at rocks.

Vie stood amazed. "That is Liz Lorts," said she; "the angels sent her here to see if I would be as good as my word. Well, I will. She shall have part of my dinner, for I put up a lot for Bretta. I don't suppose Liz—I mean Elizabeth—ever ate berry pie, or currant cake, or gooseberry tarts. So much the better. She may eat all she can, and I'll make my dinner out of bread and butter."

The little girl took a step forward, and called out cheerfully, "Take care, Elizabeth, you'll fall. How did you ever find out about this place?"

The scrambling little body did not reply; perhaps she was out of breath. "I'll speak again," thought Viola; "she isn't used to being spoken to, and I guess she's afraid to answer."

"I'm real glad you are coming, Elizabeth," said Vie—all her pride and coldness melted away. "I've a real nice luncheon here, and you must help me eat it. It's just as fresh and cool as anything down here!"

Was the beggar girl laughing for joy, because she was to have berry pie and goose-berry tarts? I think those wild rocks never echoed a merrier laugh than that which rippled from the rosy lips of the ragged girl, as she stood poised on the last stepping place before springing down upon the moss by Viola's side. Some way her bonnet slipped off her head, and there, waving and glistening in the wind, were Bretta Edstrom's very own gold curls, and shining out from under a white, smooth forehead, were Bretta's very own blue, frank, laughing, loving eyes! Vie gave but a look and rushed into her arms, sobbing like the repentant child she was.

"I *thought* you'd speak to a beggar if you met her all alone," said Bretta; and I meant to try you and see. But did you really think I was Liz Lorts?"

Vie stopped crying to laugh. "Yes, Bretta, and I was real glad she was coming, for I have been so ashamed of myself. I'll not only speak to her in future, but I'll try and be a friend to her; and as to the little match girl, I'll get everybody to buy of her that I can."

"Oh, dear!" said Bretta, pretending to look scared. "You'll just ruin papa's trade, and then we shall all starve at home—Anyway, I'm almost starved now, for when I met Elizabeth in the woods, right by their shanty, and offered to swap dresses and bonnets for a while, she looked so hungry that I gave her my dinner basket to boot. I knew you had plenty, if I could ever find you, and a pretty chase I've had through the fields and woods. I've come begging for cold victuals, and I hope you havn't been a pig and eaten up all the berry pie."

"No, indeed!" said Vie; "I was so busy thinking about what a bad girl I'd been that I forgot to eat till just now."

"You're not a bad girl," said Bretta, kissing her suddenly. "You're an angel!"

"Not I," said Vie, softly, with wet eyes; "but I hope to be some day."

### The Mouse and His Friend.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE READERS.

'Twas a winter night. The cold wind whistled loud and shrill, and the cool moonlight fell on all around.

But the old kitchen was warm. A fire blazed on the hearth and lighted up the brass andirons wonderfully, a streak of pale moonlight lay across the floor, and a merry little cricket was singing on the hearth while the old clock beat time to him.

"Tick, tick, tick, *sing*," said the clock, and the cricket began. He sang of the beautiful summer time and of the warm glowing meadow.

A mouse put his head out of a hole. "Don't let me interrupt you," said he.

"Hullo!" said the cricket. "We are waiting for you. Come through the moonlight for good luck."

"What good luck can there be for a three-legged mouse?" said the new comer, as he limped in and took a seat before the fire.

"O don't be unhappy, said the cricket. "It will grow again."

"Never!" said the Mouse.

"Somebody will mend it," said the Table. "I have had two legs broken off short and mended again."

"Impossible," said the Mouse. "I wish that old Trap was—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the Trap, "don't be unreasonable. I've nothing against you. It was only in the way of my business."

"Is it your business to nip off my leg?" said the Mouse in a passion.

"It is my business to catch you if I can," said the Trap. "That's what I'm here for."

"I wish you were not here, then," said the Mouse. "It was very pleasant before you came."

"It was indeed," said the Cricket. "You used to come and see us every night, and dance and frisk about as lively as a cricket, almost."

"My dancing days are over," said the poor Mouse.

"O dear no! Don't be down-hearted," said the Andirons. "Here, blaze away, you Fire, and make it look cheerful."

"You'll find something to eat in the crack under the table," said the Broom. "Some split peas and a raisin. Cook tried to make me sweep them away, but I wouldn't."

"An old Broom knows where the crumbs are," said the Cricket.

"You are very kind," said the Mouse, as he went under the table and brought out the feast.

"Perfectly delicious," said he, as he nibbled away. "It is a long time since I have tasted a split pea."

"Have some cheese?" said the Trap.

"For shame!" cried the Broom. "Another word and I'll sweep you away." So the Trap said no more.

"Come," said the Cricket, "now tell us about the old times."

"Where did I leave off? asked the Mouse.

"She didn't like cats," replied the Cricket.

"O yes. Polly didn't like cats," resumed the Mouse. "She threw water at them and drove them away whenever they came near the house. So we were safe from them. She lost the trap. She said she couldn't tell whatever had become of it, and that loss was our gain. When she went out of an evening she always left the doors open so we could come in from the shed and go straight into the pantry and help ourselves to cheese and pies and everything good;"

"Catch Jane leaving the door open!" said the Broom.

"No," said the Mouse. "If you want to go in *now*, you must gnaw a hole, and by the time you get it gnawed, they fill it up. I am expecting every day they'll stop up the one I have made behind the door."

"Not if I can help it," said the broom. "That's where I stand, you know, and I try to hide it."

"Thank you," replied the Mouse. "I have *some* friends."

"I should think so," said the Cricket.

"She always left the bread-box open a little," continued the Mouse, "so that we could easily go in and out of it. We never nibbled a whole loaf or a whole pie. Take what was cut. That was the rule."

"I wish I had been here then," said the Cricket.

"Ah, well," sighed the Mouse, "it was not all pleasant. Accidents happened. Once a cousin of mine fell into a deep pan of milk, and with all we could do we couldn't get him out. I ran round the edge of that pan as many as fifty times, and came near slipping in myself, but it did no good. We had to leave him there, with his whiskers and the tips of his ears sticking up through the cream. 'Twas sad."

"O dear! If you had only had one of my straws he could have clung to it," said the Broom.

"Perhaps so," replied the Mouse, as he wiped his eyes. "Another time a friend of mine fell into a high pitcher and couldn't get out, and we could do nothing for him. He was taken prisoner and we never saw him again."

"O horrors!" exclaimed the Cricket.

"And though Polly was so kind to us in some ways," continued the Mouse, "she didn't really seem to like us. I've known her to scream and jump up on the table if one of us ran out on the floor."

"So have I," said the Table, "to my sorrow."

"Come, come," said the Clock, as he struck twelve. "It is time to go to sleep. I'm going to take a nap myself, now I have come to the small hours, so good night."

"Good night, then," said the Mouse. I'll take home this raisin for to-morrow.

"Do," said the broom.

"Good night," chirped the Cricket. "Come again."—*Our Young Folks.*

# Wit and Humor.

### AFTER ALL.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair,

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair, young head is pressed,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far away over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of a trumpet
And the rattling roll of a drum.

Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper,—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the old hearth sits, alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

### Extracts from Josh Billings' Farmers' Almanax, 1872.

Dear girls, this iz Leap Year! The eyes ov the whole world are upon yu! Assert yure rights! Do yure juty!

A farmer iz the nobless work ov God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound ov wood and 2 kords ov kandels, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

A congregashun who kant afford tew pay 850 dollars a year, want a missionary more than they do a klergyman.

The only human being on the face ov this earth that I really envy, iz a laffing Christian.

TO KURE BED BUGS.—Bile the bed bugs tew a gravy; then take equal parts ov sassyfrass rutes and mingle with the gravy; then find a hoel in the ground that aint occupied; then pour the gravy into the hoel; then tasten up the hoel with 2 pounds ov gunpowder; then tutch off the hoel with a 10 foot poel; then run like litening. If this don't kure the bed bugs, and the hoel too, they have both got it in the natral way, and kan't be healed.

It iz just az natral tew be born poor az tew be born naked, and it iz no more disgrace.

Thare are folks who don't do any hard work but watch their symptoms. I have saw dogs akt just as sensible. I have saw a rat-terrier watch the symptoms of a knot hole in a board-fence all day, for some rat tew cum forth, and no rat didnt cum forth.

I alwus did admire the malice ov the mule. If a freak ov fortune had made me az mis'ortunate amung men az the mule iz amung animilds, I would begin tew let drive at things a mile and a half off.

Prudes are coquets gone tew seed.

Whenever yu hear a man who alwuz wants tew bet his bottom dollar, yu can make up yure mind that that iz the size ov hiz pile.

Mary Moore iz a farmer's lass,
Who's winsum az a pozy;
The chap who ketches Mary Moore,
Wont be no kunny Josey.

Don't be diskouraged it yure mustash don't gro; it sumtimes happens whare a mustache duz the best, nothing else duz so well.

To brake a mule, or yoke a steer,
Bob Fletcher was a reddy lad;
He and his mother worked the farm—
Krewel deth had took away his dad.

I look upon the north pole az one ov them peculiar spots ov ground; if it aint never found, we shant be none ov the wuzz off; and if it is found, we shant be none the better off.

Convince a phool ov his errors, and you make him your enemy.

The highest rate ov interest that we pay iz for borrowed trouble. Things that are alwuz agoing tew happen, never do happen.

I have known people who had so little karakter that they didn't even hav eny phailings.

I don't know how it iz with my brother-man, but with me the fall ov the Roman empire iz a grate deal easier tew bear than a fall on the ice when it iz wet.

Face all things; even adversity iz polite to a man's face.

Whenever i see a man anxious tew git into the middle ov a fite that don't belong tew him, i am alwus anxious to hav him, for i kno he iz sure tew be the wust whipt man in the party.

Thare aint but phew men weak enuff tew admit their jealousy; even a disgraced rooster in a barn-yard will git a leetle further off and begin tew crow up a new reputashun.

ADVICE TEW YUNG DOKTORS.—Hire an offiss on the main street of the village, and stay in the offiss.

When you go out, alwus go on the jump.

Dont never talk mutch on enny subjek, but alwus look kussid mesterious.

Seldum go tew church, but when yu do, alwus leave before the church duz.

Charge everybody like thunder and litening.

If yu pholler theze rules clussly, and don't suckceed, yu kan kum tew the konklushun that the doktrine bizzness ain't so good as it was last year.

The farmer leads an eazy life,
12 hours a day ends his labors;
Evenings pares apples for cider sass,
Or hauls over the coals hiz nabors.

A man with a phew branes iz like a dog with one flea on him—dredful oneazy.

### Withered Leaves!

#### A Family Reminiscence.

A few weeks ago we found the following story in our paper:

"Strange, wonderful, miraculous, and charmingly true. By sending 50 cents, a lock of your grandmother's hair, your weight when you were born, and three blue stamps, any one can receive a striking picture of his future husband or wife, with a richly engraved marriage certificate duly signed and witnessed, three for a dollar. Address BILL POPPLESNAP,
Jinxoil, Indiana."

On reading this our daughters gave a shout of joy. Cerulea Egeline went into raptures. Adorinda melted into tears. Ruana subsided into her mother's bosom, and Hulda Celestia fainted clean away. The likeness of their individual coming man was what they had long and patiently looked and waited for in vain.

"The day of deliverance is nigh!" exclaimed Adorinda.

Immediately a rush was made on my trousers pocket, and in six minutes I was bankrupt.

For half an hour a deadly silence pervaded the atmosphere of our domestic sanctuary, broke only by the scratching of a spluttering pen and the loud throbbing of virtuous hearts, intoxicated with the mild beverage of hope.

Grandmother being long a resident of the opaque tomb, a raid was made unto Johanna for the necessary filamentary locks, which nearly deprived her of the glory of her youth and rendered fine-tooth combs needless.

I also claimed one ringlet as a relict of the ineffable past.

There in one smiling regiment, of which me and Johanna were justly proud, they sailed away to the Postoffice, and committed their treasures to stranger hands with all the simplicity of confiding souls.

Days past slow, dragging as a caterpiller—each longer than all the rest.—The suspense was terrible. Victuals ceased to have a fattening effect. Labor became disgusting. Hope and despair wrestled hourly. And the way our barrel of consolation and soul invigorator evaporated was nothing less than a miracle. No one not having passed through such trying scenes can realize what we enjoyed.

On the 13th day, at last, glad tidings came. Hosea, our adopted son, brought a packet of eleven letters—one for each of our precious girls, one for Johanna and one for me. A blush of modest innocence enveloped our several features.—Our daughters each made haste to feast their eyes on the manly form that was to snatch them from the desert of singleness and place their feet in the flowery garden of wedlock.

Meanwhile Johanna flashed on me a look of savage suspicion, while I meekly responded by overwhelming her with a glance of some surprise.

Then I retired to a secluded spot behind the door and with trembling hands bursted the seal of the letter. A female face greeted my eager view—but gentle heavens! what a face! I forbare, as I have no words to give a proper description of that antique visage.

With feelings of mortification, mingled with sorrow and disgust, I turned my eyes on my pacific family. A sense of solemnity prevailed. The fondly beaming eyes were draped in mourning. With mouths agape, their chins restede sadly on their heaving breasts. Frequent sounds were heard as of the dropping of huge tears on the reeking floor.

"Cerulea," I cried, "my first born offspring, come to my arms and show thy venerable sire him whose soul is to be melted into thine."

With slow and faltering step, she approached and placed before my gaze a copy of an aged, wrinkled, bald-headed, crook nosed creature, with grizzly beard, spectacles, and an aspect of general mouldiness. I gazed, and without a word returned it to my unfortunate child. She said:

"Ah, cruel fate! perhaps his lucre is abundant and his stamps immense."

Next Betsey Auratilla flowed along. Astonishing coincidence! Her article was identical with Cerulea's. I murmured, "Invincible fate has assigned him two of the blossoms of our family tree."

I beckoned to Violecia Hannah. Amazing revelation! The same familiar features and brass-bead spectacles presented themselves to view.

Fluzella fair came tripping up, a feeble smile fluttering around her chiseled brow, crying, "Behold my destiny."

It was the same.

"Adorindy, Huldy, Celestia, Daffodilly Ann, Cherubine," I cried. At the word they swept around me in one graceful swoop, with their long-looked for husbands outstretched before my view. Great Tetrarch! The same ancient, crooked-nose feminine was on the paste board of our long suffering and amiable daughters.

"I'll never endure it," I ejaculated.

"What for?" cried the enthralling Betsy Auratilla.

"I'll never consent for the illustrious family of Simpkins to be reduced to one individual, as it were, and that individual such a hideous, contemptible, impudent, idiotic abomination as the one by whose fac simile I am surrounded."

At this juncture, Joannah, who had just drawn in and looked over my shoulder at the stern array of one son-in-law, uttered a ghastly shriek, and sank on the floor in one heterogeneous mass.

I bent over the prostrate form. Tightly clutched in her right hand, was a picture of a human soul. I held it up to the light.

Shades of Olympus! It was the same blear-eyed, crispy, bald-headed cuss who had wrought such consternation among my susceptible daughters. The affectionate philanthropist had offered to assume the responsibility of marrying my entire family, me excepted.

As I gazed on that ubiquitous countenance for the tenth time, a feeling of vengeance traveled along my veins and centered in my heart. I gnashed my teeth, beat my massive temples with the palms of my hands, and rolled my eyes fiercely through the portals thereof, and jirked my wig off my head and slung it through the window.

"Before I'll submit to such audacity," I cried, "I'll appoint my own funeral while I have mourners left. I might have borne up under the loss of my daughters, but when he seeks to rob me of the partner of my youth, the companion of my middle age, my sole and only wife, Joanna, forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and the only solace that remains to cheer my lonely life, is death. Ruany, bring me the rolling pin, and stand aside while I blow out my brains."

Says Johanna, rising majestically to her feet, "I forbid the ceremony!"

"Fear not, Simeon," she continued, "I shall never desert you for any such an anatomy as he is, nor shall the wretch ever draw consolation from the love of a Simpkins. His children shall never call me 'Grandma.' And now," she added in a tone of severity, "show me the similitude of that base female for whose wicked love you are about to forsake a patient, virtuous and enduring wife."

I obeyed without a murmer, a long life of wedded bliss having taught me that obedience promotes harmony.

After a few minutes of silent contempt she exclaimed: "If you prefer the charms of such a creature as that to your ever-faithful, long-suffering, affectionate, high-minded Johanna, Go!"

Thereupon I informed her that I didn't prefer no such.

Furthermore I assured her that I didn't send for that horrid picture because I was especially anxious to get rid of my own inestimable Johanna, but because I felt it a duty I owned my country to patronize the post office.

She explained that she had not sent for that villainous photograph because she particularly desired to get shut of me, but because she thought it no more than just to encourage home enterprise, and the other arts and sciences.

Which explanations were satisfactory, and our usual serenity ensued—only our daughters feel that this world is all an empty dream. They have chewed the alluring fruit of hope, which has turned into the wormwood and the gaul. Henceforth they look on life as a sterile wilderness through which they journey for a season from a sense of duty.

Though Betsy Auratilla, a blooming damsel of thirty-five observed: "It is tough, pa, mighty tough, to blossom unespoused, and waste my fragrance on the desert air." But Cerulea Egelline heroically remarked that though the expectations of her youthful and unsophisticated soul had been cruelly bruised, and her confidence in the human race greatly debilitated, yet she fully believed there was a balm in Gilead, and she should never entirely yield to despair until that balm was poured into her wounded spirit.

Sweet, trusting nature! We afterwards learned that she had sent a dollar to insure her three husbands, and the same odious figurehead was stamped upon the three cards.

JOANNA AND SIMEON SIMPKINS.

# Miscellany.

### COURTING IN NEBRASKA.

#### Effect of a Scarcity of Single Women.

A Nebraska correspondent of the Syracuse *Standard* writes as follows:

"There is lack of woman's nursing,
There is dearth of woman's tears."

Certainly not because they are unnecessary in this western region, but the fact is the women are scarce and men are plenty. In market phrase, the woman "demand far exceeds the supply." Those inexorable laws of supply and demand, about which political and other economists delight to talk, have not yet corrected this acid question. A heavy dose of girls, none of your homœopathic prescriptions, is what Nebraska needs, and the stomachs of her young men will always remain sour until the supply comes. You have no idea east how anxious young men in this region are to marry. In the words of a prairie farmer, "courtin's hot."

The poor man is passing through a bitter experience. A party of us were duck hunting the other day on the Missouri bottoms. Night overtook us before we were aware of it, and we were obliged to seek lodgings at the first dwelling we could find. It was a small-one story structure of three rooms, and occupied by a family of six—father, mother, daughter, and three sons. The sons were all unmarried, and from the calls that were made afterwards, we judge the daughter was unmarried also. We hadn't been in the house five minutes, when a vehicle drove up and two young men were ushered into the parlor. Straightway the mother and daughter held a whispered consultation, which closed with an invitation to the sitting room for supper. It was evident that the young men callers had been to tea, as they stayed in the parlor with "sweet sixteen."

Scarcely had we taken our seats at the table when a howl from the dogs out doors announced another comer. He seemed to avoid the front door, and knocked at that where our party was just sitting down to supper. The mother rose to answer the summons, when we were surprised by the daughter opening the parlor door and rushing forward with "Don't get up, mother. It's one of my fellows! Come in, Jim; how do you do?"

And Jim entered in response to the cheery salutation. He made himself as comfortable as possible till we had finished supper, when another whispered consultation proved that the "parlor is as full as it or't to be," whispered by Miss in response to some motherly suggestion. The old gentleman solved the question by inviting us into the kitchen to smoke. It was evident that Jim didn't smoke, for he remained in the sitting room. We should have doubtless enjoyed a quiet cigar had not the old lady opened the back door, and shouted at the top of her voice: "Come 'round here to the back door."

It was another young man, and we fancied he looked as if he had come in rather late. Two young men within the parlor, one in the sitting-room, and one in the kitchen. What should be done? The courting business was getting too hot! There was another talk between mother and daughter. It was evident their devices had been exhausted. The old gentleman called into the corner. He settled the question with a whisper—"Ill not move again until the settin' room is full!"

Into the sitting-room went number four, and we smoked. It was full ten minutes before the next disturbers came, and they entered the kitchen with the air of old acquaintances. We looked anxiously at the host. Taking the pipe from his mouth, a single sentence relieved us:

"Them's the widowers! Stick!"

And we "stuck" and moved on. For the next half hour the girl must have been busy. The widower had certainly a third of her time. It was 9 o'clock. We wished to go to bed, and the only bed we had seen was in the parlor. The old gentleman divined our wishes, and said:

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this is one of the regular courtin' nights! Them two fellers in the parlor never leave afore midnight, and the widowers allus stay all night. And that ain't the worst of it. Dan'll be here at 10 o'clock! I and the boys allus sleep in the haystack Friday nights. Yer welcome to that!"

The parlor, sitting-room, and kitchen full, we retreated to the haystack. In response to a question on the point, the old gentleman said that—

"Friday night it's putty bad, but Sunday it's wuss. Last Sunday night there was ten on 'em, and the girl is getting more and more partikiler. The more she gets the more she wants!"

On the haystack, with a still breeze driving away the mosquitoes, we heard Dan drive up. One of the last remarks of the old man before we fell asleep was, "Yes, gentlemen, courtin's hot in Nebrasky!" And we believed him."

### Travel in South America.

From the New York Times.

Sixteen years ago a young Frenchman named Guinnard left home and friends to seek his fortune. He possessed, it seems, good blood and some ancestral acres, but no good money. When considering in what direction to turn his footsteps he resolved to do something that other people did not do, California and Australia were too much hackneyed for his taste, and India and China were commonplace to a degree; so M. Guinnard determined to retrieve his fortunes in the wild Pampas of South America. By February, 1856, our adventurer had visited many of the southern countries of the continent, had roamed through the Argentine Confederation, the further regions of Buenos Ayres, and other places, but failed to hit upon his niche.

Wandering disconsolately about the sources of the Rio Quexuen, he resolved to penetrate into the wilds of the far South. Winter being fast approaching, and the country likely to be most impracticable and dongerous, the felicity of M. Guinnard's choice of a home is not obvious. He was, however, romantic, and he fell in within an Italian, one Pedritto, who was no less so. The two seemed to have fraternized at once, inflamed by the common object of doing something other people did not do, and doing it in the most fatuous and aimless manner. A casual plunge into the heart of Patagonia at mid winter, without provisions or means of shelter, appeared to them well adapted to the development of their idea. "We are not ignorant," naively writes M. Guinsard, "of the numberless difficulties and dangers by which we might be assailed, but having determined to brave all, we only took the precaution to purchase a compass and a sun dial, and to make out a plan of our intended route on which each day's journey was laid down; this done, we started with that confidence with which resolution and hope inspire youth."

With this unique equipment the travelers duly set forth, and came to the grief they thus invited with rare celerity. On their second day out they were deluged with rain, and sacrificed by sharp winds—a condition of things that was kept up for four days. During this time they slept at night on the wet earth, with no canopy save the weeping clouds. 'Not a creature could they hunt, not a fire could they light." On the fifth day the sun appeared and the pair dried their clothes, shot some "rabbit like animals," and eat up what was left of a scanty supply of bread. Thus fortified they pushed on to meet strange and terrible adventures. Once they rested for a night in a cave, where they lit a fire, roasted game, and got ready to sleep. Fairly coiled up for the purpose, "a swelling river poured in upon them."

Their retreat was part of a bed of a stream that, rising from distant rains, and approaching by subterranean channels, thus inhospitably burst in upon them. This danger was escaped, but others soon came in its train. No food could be found, and the adventurers were threatened with starvation. In their delirium they 'ate the earth,' washing it down with draughts of 'salt-impregnated water from the pools.' This diet seems to have agreed with Guinnard, but not with Pedritto, who 'rolled upon the ground uttering the most fearful cries.' Soon the two began to reproach each other for the journey they had taken, and at last came to blows. The grotesquely horrible could hardly have a more vivid exemplification than that of these two lonely men, far away in the wilderness, 'mad with hunger and thirst, and flying at each other like wild beasts.'

After this, they found some roots, and when literally at death's door, the two managed to kill a puma, whose blood they drank raw, and on which they subsisted for some time. A tragic denouement of this drama was close at hand. The pair were surprised while hunting by a host of Patagonians, and a frightful scene ensued. Seeing that the savages were bent on mischief, Guinnard and his companion battled to the last. Poor Pedritto fell, stoned and pierced to death. Guinnard fell, too, after shooting several of his foes, but he was only stunned. On recovering consciousness he found himself the prisoner of barbarians in the wilds of Patagonia. There he remained three years, and his book, which lately appeared in France, narrates his experience during that dismal period.

The tribe into whose hands the luckless Guinnard fell was that of the Poyncbes, who wandered on the banks of the Rio Negro, between Pachecho Islands to the foot of the Cordilleras. The account of them by their prisoner is extraordinary and supposing it to be trustworthy, highly valuable. On this point we can only say the author is a member of the Geographical Society of France, and that his English translator, Mr. Cheltnam, announces his perfect trust in Mr. Guinnard's good faith. How he managed to live through what he narrates passes comprehension. He was kicked and mangled, fed on raw horse flesh, made to live and sleep with half-famished dogs, and otherwise maltreated. Yet survived to produce a book, which with our limited knowledge of the people and regions to which it relates, has signal interest and utility.

### The Old Tribune Building.

Two attaches of this paper yesterday risked their necks in a pilgrimage to the city editor's room in the *Tribune* building. The Dearborn street entrance is impassable, while the Madison street stone stairs are cracked and broken. The floors and stairways are apparently unharmed, though loaded with the debris of the roof and fallen walls. On the top floor, which was occupied by the editorial and composing rooms, there is from three to four feet of brick, plaster, and ashes, below which are the possible relics for which the two adventurers were seeking. Beyond a marble ornament attached to the mantel nothing could be found. The view from the local room windows has materially altered since the reporters last stood there, and made up their minds that it was of no use to continue writing. There are very few buildings in this city which would permit of a view from their top-story window to-day, after passing through the fiery experiences which the *Tribune* so long submitted to.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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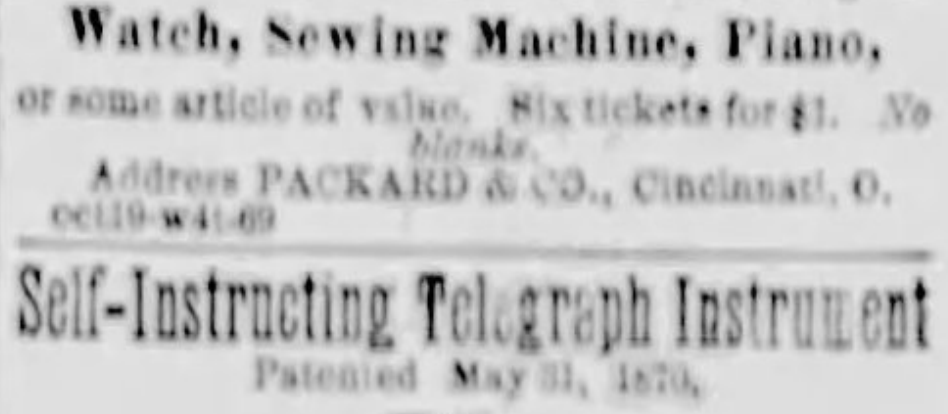

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# Farm and House.

### WHY THE OLD ROOSTER WOULDN'T DIE.

Listen, my boy, and you shall know
A thing that happened a long time ago,
When I was a boy not as large as you,
And the youngest of all the children, too,
I laugh even now as I think it o'er,
And the more I think, I laugh the more.
'Twas the chilly eve of an autumn day,
We were all in the kitchen cheery and gay,
The fire burned bright on the old brick hearth,
And its cheerful light gave zest to our mirth;
My eldest sister, addressing me,
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving, you know," said she,
Now light the lantern and come with me,
I will wring their necks until they are dead,
And have them all dressed ere we go to bed."
So the huge old lantern, made of tin,
Punched full of holes and a candle within,
Put in its appearance in shorter time,
Than it takes to make this jingling rhyme.
We started off, and the way I led,
For a raid on the chickens under the shed.
A pile of roots filled the open space,
Thus making a splendid roosting place;
And a motley tribe of domestic fowls
Sat perched there as grave and demure as owls.
My sister, unused to sights of blood,
And pale with excitement, trembling stood;
But summoning courage, she laid her plans,
And seized the old rooster with both her hands,
And with triumph written all over her face
Her victim bore to the open space.
Then she wrung and wrung with might and main,
And wrung and twisted, and wrung again,
Till sure that the sparks of life had fled,
She threw him down on the ground for dead.
But the rooster would not consent to die
And be made up into chicken pie,
So he sprang away with cackle and bound,
Almost as soon as he touched the ground,
And hiding away from the candle's light,
Escaped the slaughter of that dark night.
My sister thus brought to a sudden stand
And looking at what she held in her hand,
Soon saw why the rooster was not dead—
She had wrung off his tail instead of his head.

# Questions and Answers.

### ABOUT CISTERNS.

James R. Newcomb, Huron, Portland Co., Ohio, writes: Will you please inform me and all whom it may concern through your columns of Questions and Answers if there is any better way known to make the sides and bottom of a cistern or vat water tight and durable than by using cement made of water lime and sand? I had supposed it equal to stone for duration if rightly made and used for such purposes, but am disappointed after a trial of some ten years. I find it becomes more or less rotten, softening first outwardly, so it can be scratched off with the finger nails, after having been seemingly as hard at first as hard as granite, and constantly under soft spring water secure from frost, the result of which is leakage or gradually soaking away. Would a coating of such material as is used for roofs of buildings, made of coal tar and ground slate, soften or grow loose in time under water, or is there anything else reliable? I hear of many complaining of cisterns leaking and presume it is from the same cause.

### INSECT PESTS.

Propono, Prairie Mills, Iowa, asks for a remedy to prevent worms from boring young Maple trees.

H. C. M., Buchlin, Mo., writes: Will you or some of the BLADE readers tell me, 1st. How to get rid of a small insect that infests chicken houses. The people here call them chickers or chick-picks. 2d. How to keep the borer from the apple trees. 3d. The best way to destroy the Canada thistle.

### KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

W. D., Fulton county, Ohio, asks: "What is the best way of keeping sweet potatoes during the winter?"

### INDIANA CROPS, &C.

F. F. F., Largo, Ind., writes: "There has never been such abundant fruit crops in this county as the present. The dry weather is somewhat discouraging to farmers on account of wheat coming up slowly, but the seed is still safe. Fires are raging on all sides of us, but no damage is being done except the destruction of fences."

### A FARM GATE—QUESTION.

A Subscriber, San Jose, Ills.: "We have had in use for the last ten years a gate made of three or four fence boards, with three strips nailed on upright. The gate is opened by shoving or sliding it back far enough to pass the latch past, when it is carried open. It is nothing more than a loose frame. Is this contrivance patented or not? There are parties now at work in the vicinity of Delaware, Tazewell county, Ills., collecting five dollars of every farmer found using the above described gate. Have they a right to do so? The farmers hereabout think that they are being swindled."—We cannot say whether the gate is patented or not. The men who claim the authority to collect money for the use of the gate should be required to show their papers. We advise the farmers to refuse to pay the $5 00 unless the men proceed in the regular manner. We think the gate is not patented, but even if it is, and the farmer is not cognizant of this fact, the patentee, or agent, cannot claim damages unless he gives the proper notice that the use of the gate is an infringement.

### Value of Fodder Corn.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued a statement presenting a long line of testimony from various sources on the value of fodder corn as a supplementary feed or soiling crop for milch cows in summer. We present below the conclusions deduced from the testimony given:

1. Green corn fodder is neither worthless nor the poorest of all soiling material.

2. It is the best when planted in drills or hills, not so thickly as to prevent normal growth and development, cultivated to destroy weeds and grasses, and cut between tasselling and earing, when the elements elaborated for the production of the ear are stored in readiness for immediate use.

2. It is probable, both the *rationale* of the case and from facts presented above, that in the more northern latitudes a mistake has often been made in sowing thickly southern corn which cannot mature, the fodder from which fed in August must be very nearly worthless. On the contrary, the fodder from the northern corn, especially sweet corn, drilled and cultivated, and fed just before earing, is found to be very valuable.

4. Its value, compared with lucerne, millet, the best grasses, and other plants, containing a larger percentage of nutriment, taking into consideration the quantity produced and the cost of its production, has not been determined fully, and should be decided by a series of thorough exhaustive experiments.

It is evident from all that is conflicting in the opinion of different feeders, that the differences are mainly due to the degree of maturity or soundness of the corn. That from thick sowing, immature, colorless and watery, is unfit to place before any well regulated dairy. It is probable that half that is fed is either improperly cultivated or in a state of growth not productive of the highest results. If this should be the case, how stupid to condemn the maize for the ignorance of the cultivator. If it is found to contain too little nutriment for its bulk, or too small an amount of the flesh-forming element, the suggestion found in the practice of some, of giving a small amount of more highly concentrated nutriment in connection with corn fodder, is eminently wise. This is a deficiency easily remedied. While corn is our national crop, less fastidious in the circumstance of its growth than almost any other, and capable of yielding so largely under the proverbial neglect which characterizes our culture, let not this fodder be discarded until something of greater practical value is found, the superiority of which has been actually demonstrated under local circumstances of soil, climate and cultivation.

### Sheep on a Poor Farm.

Some farmers of our acquaintance, feel an antipathy to sheep, for the reason that they "bite close." We consider this their chief recommendation. They can only bite close where the pasture is short only on a poor farm. A poor farm will necessarily be encumbered with briers, thistles and brush in the fence corners.—Under such conditions we would say to a farmer who has $20 or upwards in cash (or credit for it, and then let him borrow the amount if he has to pay one per cent a month for the use of it,) invest it in as many ewes, not older than three years, as you can get for the money. Put them in the summer, in such a field as we have described, and give them, in addition to what they can pick up, a pint of wheat bran and oat meal daily, with free access to water and salt. They will "go for" the briars and clean them out; every portion of the field will be trodden over and over again, and the weeds will have no chance. Fold them on that field during winter, and carry to them feed sufficient to keep them thriving. Get the use of a good buck in season—Southdown would be preferable—and in the spring, if you *have luck*, (that means if you give them proper attention and feed *regularly*), you will raise more lambs than you have ewes. The money will be more than doubled, and the wool and manure will pay for their food and interest. In the spring you may put that field in corn, with the certainty of getting fifty per cent. increase of crop.—*Maine Farmer.*

### Figs in the Open Air.

It does not seem to be generally known that even as far north as Pennsylvania, a little care and attention, judiciously applied, will succeed in raising figs in any well sheltered garden. A good loamy soil is necessary, and the trees may be trained to close fences or trellises, in protected situations, with a sunny outlook.

The fig is propagated best by cuttings. These come into bearing sometimes the first season. The trees are thrifty growers and abundant bearers.

As cold weather approaches, the figs require protection. If trained to a close fence, it may be secured through the winter by a covering of matting. Those in open situations should be broken from the trellis and laid down close to the ground, and covered with three or four inches of earth. The branches should be held in place with crooked pegs, and must not be cramped. The strong central branches, or such as will not bend readily, may be wrapped in straw or corn stalks, or other similar litter. The time for laying them down is in November, just previous to which they should be pruned. April will be early enough to uncover and set them up again.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

### Value of Meadow Mud.

A person owning an acre of meadow, where the mud is three feet deep, has four thousand one hundred and sixty loads of mud, which is worth one dollar a load. Now in getting this mud do not go all over it, but commence on one side, where it can be drained, take off the sod and lay it aside, take out what you wish, then place the sod back, grass side up. By this process you can take all the mud and leave your land as good as before you commenced upon it.

Meadow mud should be well pulverized before it is used.

It is valuable for strawberries, it is valuable for asparagus, it is exceedingly valuable for grapes and pears.

A person having sandy land, by applying forty or fifty loads to the acre, can make valuable land, and likewise gravel knolls can be made very productive by applying meadow mud freely.

Now I say to those who cultivate the soil, be not stingy in the application of meadow mud.—*Correspondent Massachusetts Ploughman.*

BEST WAY TO PUT UP WINTER FRUIT.—Please say to those that have winter fruit to put up, that experience has proved to me that the best way to keep and handle fruit is in bushel boxes. The last few years I have procured about as many boxes as I had bushels of winter fruit. I take the boxes to the trees in picking time, and lay the fruit from the trees into them until full; then put on the lids and haul carefully and pile them in tiers in my cellar from floor to ceiling. In this way I can put in a larger quantity of fruit in less room and with less labor than in any other manner; and I find that the fruit not getting bruised in handling keeps so much better than it does in bins or piles, to more than pay the expense of the boxes. If good boxes are procured, they will do to use many years. I estimate the saving of fruit and labor to be, by this method, at least 25 per cent.—*A. Goodwin, in Dayton Journal.*

RUSSIAN VS. SIBERIAN APPLES.—Dr. C. Andrews, Marengo, Ills., comparing the Russian with the Siberian apples as they have been tested in this country, says: "*All* the Russian apples have not proved hardy. None but the Oldenburgh has stood the test as far north as St. Paul for any considerable number of years, and some of the most experienced nurserymen of that vicinity do not regard even that as wholly reliable there." On the contrary, he thinks all evidence goes to show the perfect hardiness of the Siberian family. Hundreds of new seedlings of this species are constantly coming into fruit, some of them extreme late keepers, and all accounts report them entirely hardy as far north as they have been tried."

A pullet hatched early in spring begins to lay at the approach of winter, and pullets hatched late in summer begin to lay in the ensuing spring; and it is by saving a certain proportion of pullets from the early and late broods that you make sure of winter eggs, a few very early hatched chickens for catching the highest markets, and a numerous flock of chickens the warm months, when rearing is least precarious.

Another successful trial of the pneumatic carbottied air locomotive—was made in Chicago on Wednesday. The engine, charged with compressed air (twenty pounds to the square inch) made the distance of two miles, drawing a passenger car, in a trifle less than nine minutes. It is stated that the officers of the different horse railways of Chicago are negotiating for the introduction of the new motor on their lines.

The Harrisons are going for one of those immense unclaimed estates, which seem to cover the larger part of England. This one once belonged to Richard Harrison. There are Harrison's to inherit it in England, but they are only the "descendants of Richard Harrison's grandmother's sister," while the American Harrison's are supposed to be "descendants of Richard's two uncles."

Foolish English women havn't yet got over imitating the "Alexandra limp." They would do anything to follow in the footsteps of royalty; and as the Queen herself is now reported to have fallen into imbecility, we may expect to see idiocy come "all the rage" in the highest circles. It will require less exertion for most of the female snobs to qualify themselves for successful imitation in that respect than to acquire the "limp."

# OUR CABINET.

### "Your Humble Servant."

The use of the phrase, "Your humble servant," first came into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and is derived from "*Votre tres humble serviteur.*" The usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you!" "God be with you!" and, among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder.

### Curious Fashion and Anecdote.

In 1612, (10 James I.,) Mr. Edward Hawley of Grey's Inn, coming to court one day, Maxwell (a Scotchman) led him out of the room by a black string which he wore in his ear, a fashion then much in use. But this had like to have cost warm blood. Not only had Grey's Inn Society, but all the gentry in London thought themselves concerned in the affront; and Hawley threatened to kill Maxwell wherever he met him, if he refused to fight, which so frightened the king that he sent for the benchers, and made up the quarrel.—*Tindal's Notes upon Rapin.*

### A Strange Dance.

There is a singular kind of dance on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart—a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there—each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. When a piper breaks into a tune a youth pulls off his cap and challenges the girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent; the youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand and leads the lassie round and round. No word is spoken and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipes go droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure; and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie, who, in all that summer revelry, has never spoken and never smiled.

### Discovery of Coffee.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree which happened to be covered with dried berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and on crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this, he accidentally let fall the substance in the can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! the almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was fresh, agreeable; and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Arden, in Arabia, he informed the mufti of his discovery. The worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted at the recovery of his former vigor, that in gratitude to the tree he called it cshuan, which in Arabia signifies force. And that is the manner in which coffee was discovered.

### Hyde Park, LOndon.

Hyde Park is the great place to study English society from outside. Before noon it is given up to children riding with their masters or grooms, or walking with their nurses and governesses—such children as one sees nowhere else, with golden hair, great eyes, angel's faces and prize calves. From twelve till one o'clock daily hundreds and hundreds of men and women on horseback pass along Rotten Row, the great ride of the park, where no wheeled thing ever enters, and almost without exception these men and women are well dressed, well mounted, and followed by well dressed, well mounted grooms. Under the noble trees of the wide gravel walks which border the ride lounge hundreds and hundreds of men and women on foot, watching the riders. Between two and three o'clock riders and walkers have disappeared; everybody is at luncheon. Three hours later the park is crowded again, but everybody is driving now; you see few on foot, and hardly any one on horseback, but every sort of vehicle, from the four-in-hand drag, down through all varieties of the coach species, open and close, to the pony phaeton. And what strikes an American most is that none of these people have anything to do.

### The Name of Franklin

The family of Benjamin Franklin came from the parish of Ecton in Northamptonshire. The derivation of the name is interesting. In the 'Domesday Book' five 'Franklins'—that is *Franci homines*—are returned as tenanting lands in a certain district of Suffolk, valued at six shillings and eight pence. The exact rank and condition of these 'Franklins' are not very clearly understood, and seem to have varied considerable at different periods. When the Domesday Book was compiled by order of William the Conqueror, the Franklins were called therein *franci* and *francones homines*. They are entered as if attached to their respective manors, and are expressly distinguished from the *liberi homines*. In the reign of Edward III. Mr. Franklin was a person of considerable importance. Chaucer describes him as follows:

'An householder, and that a grete was he,
His brede, his ale, was always after on;
A better caryned man was no wher non.'

Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice under Henry VI., defines a Franklin as a substantial householder, a man of considerable estates, and he gives him precedence above the yeoman. The Franklin's rank had, however, considerably, retrograded in the sixteenth century, and in the reign of Elizabeth was considered on a par with the yeoman, beneath that of a gentleman, but above the condition of a vassal.

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☞ THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation, I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose, the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and arouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels, the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things, a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat, then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that, while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night-air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot with safety to the patient be exposed to the biting blasts of winter or the chilling winds of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

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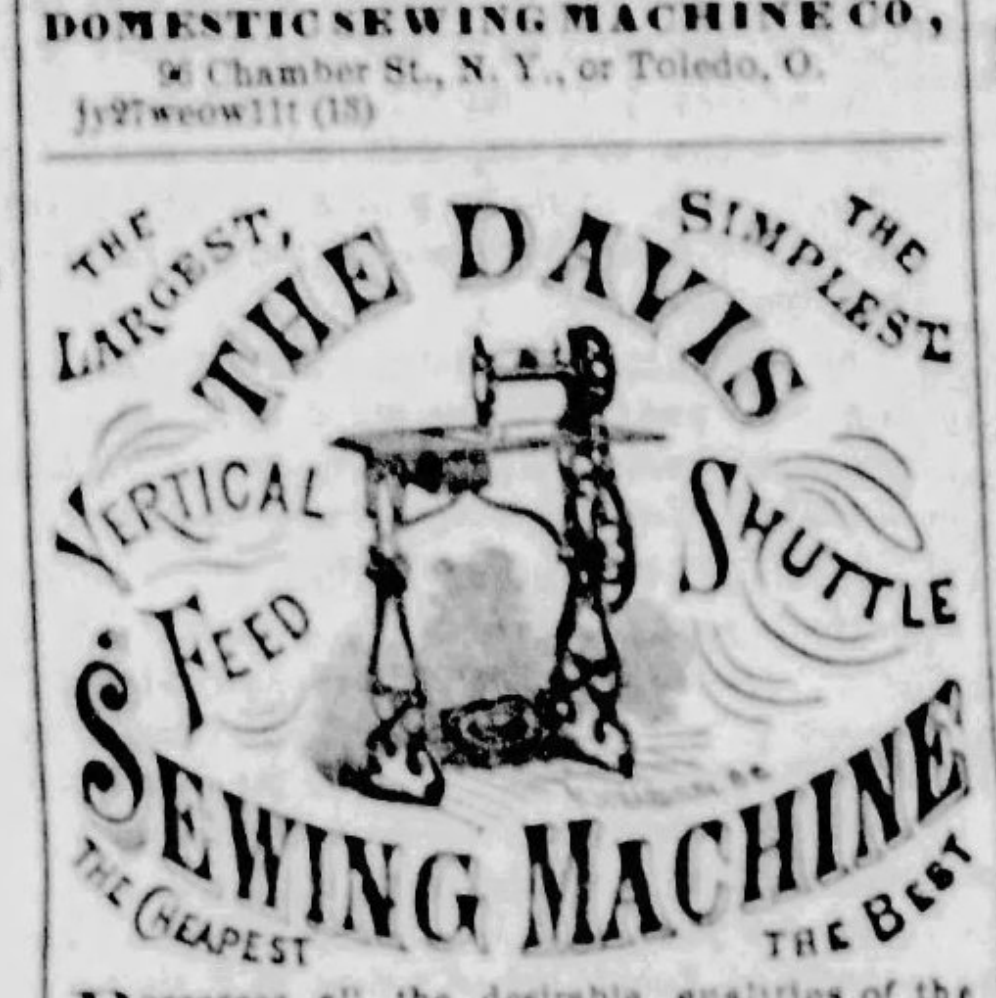

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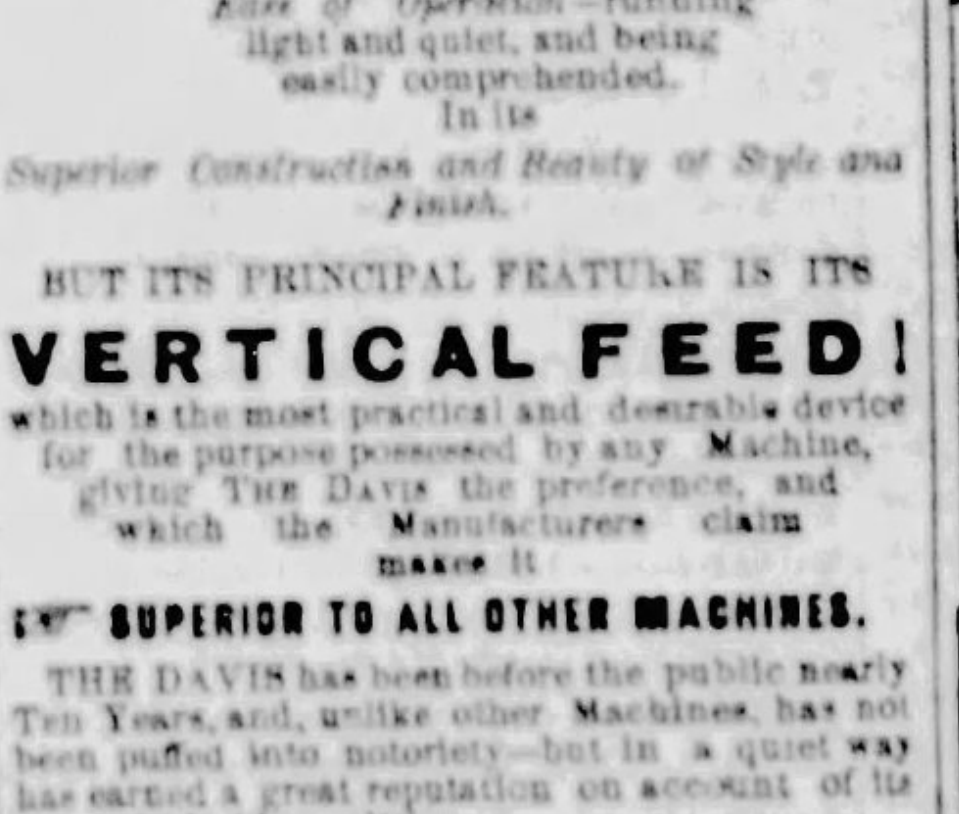

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W. M. NEWELL, M. D.

NEWBERN, Va., July 5, 1868.
Messrs. WARD, SOUTHERLAND & Co.—I have prescribed your Dragees of Cod Liver Extract in a great many cases, and I have secured results from their use that I could not have obtained from Cod Liver Oil. W. H. BRAMBLITT, M. D.

A bottle of 60 Dragees, equal to 1½ pints Cod Liver Oil [illegible]. A bottle of 120 Dragees, equal to 3 pints Cod Liver Oil, $1.25. A bottle of 240 Dragees, equal to 6 pints Cod Liver Oil, $2. Obtainable of Druggists generally, and of the Wholesale Agents for the United States. Sent by mail in boxes free of postage on receipt of price. M. WARD & CO., 31 Platt street N. Y. may18w6mo-61

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OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
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☞ Psychomancy. [illegible]

## To Correspondents.

A SUBSCRIBER, Deerfield, asks: "1st. Does a man who labors mentally require more sleep than one who labors physically, and if so why does he? 2nd. I sold a horse, warranted him sound to the best of my knowledge, with the exceptions of a bad cough he has had for three years. The man who bought the horse came back in about three weeks, claiming damages to a considerable amount for the reason that the horse's wind is not good. Is he entitled to any?" —1. Yes. Because mental labor is more exhausting on those faculties that rest only in sleep. Tired physically, you can recline and rest and read, or converse. Tired mentally, sleep only brings complete rest, and that the faculties so severely taxed may be strong again, much rest is required. 2. If you sold the horse as sound when he was not, the purchaser can collect damages.

D. L. B., Lincoln, Illinois.—We cannot state your question without cuts, and we have not the cuts. Such questions, we have said before, scarcely come within the province of this column. Not because they lack interest but because they cannot be stated so as to make them clear, and because they are interesting only to the few. This very cool sentence is written by an enthusiast in mathematics and by one who knows enough of the science to understand how much there is yet to learn, and how much pleasure mathematicians take in grappling with problems. Therefore the correspondent, it is hoped will understand the situation.

E. A. P.—We cannot give you reliable statistics on the subject named.

S. C. BONSTEM, Grove City, Ill., asks: "Is there any government land in the Neosho Valley, Kansas, subject to homestead entry?—Yes. But we cannot tell you anything in regard to the advantages of location, &c., as changes are being made all the time.

W. D., Fulton county, Ohio, asks: "1. Is any class of soldiers exempt from two days labor on public highways in Ohio? If any, what class? 2. Are there any settlers' land in the Indian Territory, lying south of Kansas and north of Texas? 3. A loans B one hundred dollars for one year at ten per cent interest, the interest being added to the principal at the time of making the note, which makes the face of the note $110, nothing being mentioned about interest in the note. B transfers the note to C at the expiration of the year, and C demands of A lawful interest on the face of the note. Now what I wish to know is, can C collect it?" 1. No. 2. No. 3. Your statement is not clear. B cannot transfer the note to C, because if A loans the money A holds the note. Why should the interest be added? It would be to A's advantage to deduct the $10 and pay B really only $90, B paying at the end of the year $100. C can collect lawful interest on the note from the time it should have been paid.

RAD.—Send to H. C. Baird, New York, for Elder's "Questions of the Day."

JNO. M. BAKER, Nelsonville, Ohio, asks:—"1st. Does not a female attain her majority at the age of 18, and is she not competent to sign a quit claim deed of sufficient guarantee? 2d. What are the names of all the different degrees in the Masonic Fraternity; and in what order do they occur?"—In England and America, as a general rule, the age of 21 years is fixed for full legal ability to contract, &c. There have been no recent changes in the laws of Ohio in regard to conveyances, in this particular. In Ohio and Vermont a female is legally of age at 18 and can contract. In all other States the age is 21. The primitive degrees in Masonry are Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason, Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master and Royal Arch. This is the York Rite the basis of all others that claim Masonic character. There are three other degrees—appendages to this rite—The Order of High Priesthood, an honorary degree conferred on the first officer of a chapter—and the degrees of Royal and Select Master. In the Ancient and Accepted Rite, the Ineffable (unutterable) degrees are the eleven that form the second series; the third series are historical and conferred in a Council of Princes of Jerusalem. The fourth series are philosophical and conferred in a Chapter of Rose Croix de H-R-D-M. The fifth series are chivalric, historical and philosophical, and are conferred in a Consistory of Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret. The last grade is official, and is conferred in the Supreme Council of the thirty-third degree. There are other systems of degrees used in different countries. If our correspondent would know more than is stated above, he is advised to look at the matter from the inside of a Masonic lodge.

FARMER, Emporia, Kansas, has this to say of "The Tribute of Nations to Abraham Lincoln," inquired for some months since: "In 'Answers to Correspondents' (27th July) T. C. Robinson, Bridgeport, Ohio, asks: 'Where I (he) can purchase a work called 'The Tribute of Nations to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln.' You were under the impression that no such work had been published. Such a work was published by the Government in a volume about the size of 'Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.' But a small edition was issued—I believe the resolution was '300 copies for the State Department and (either one or two) one copy each for the members of the Senate and House of Representatives.' Hon. O. J. Dickey, M. C. from Lancaster county, Pa., sent his volume to the Mount Nebo library, and I think most of the members of Congress gave their copies to public libraries. The following slip is taken from the Emporia (Kansas) *News*. It appears that the 'Hon.' Sidney Clarke kept his volume for his own private use, instead of giving it to some 'public library:'

'VALUABLE LIBRARY.—The Lawrence *Tribune* thus notices the library of Hon. Sidney Clarke. Mr. C. doubtless now feels thankful to the people of Kansas for leisure time to study the works which his care and industry have accumulated: * * * * * * * * We were particularly interested in a large work entitled 'Tributes of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln,' a work containing the correspondence, letters, etc., received from all the nations of the earth by the Government on the death of Abraham Lincoln. In typography and binding the volume is a *chef d'œuvre*. It cost the Government, at whose expense it was gotten up, $28.50 per volume.'" * * * * * *

W. C. ANDERSON, Denmark, Perry county, Ill.—There is a recruiting office for the United States army in Toledo, and recruits are being received.

WM. MUTCH, Utah.—We cannot send the first volume of the *Farm Journal* complete. The BLADE and *Farm Journal* are sent to one address for one year for $2.25.

P. INMAN, Fort Abercombrie, Dakota Territory, writes: "I have had an argument here as to which is the proper side for a gentleman to ride (horseback) when escorting a lady. There is difference of opinion and difference of fashion on the subject. The argument was merely as to which was the most reasonable, common-sense side, having in view the comfort, safety and convenience of the parties, more especially the lady. Will you please give your opinion."—Why will our correspondents not understand that on disputed questions an opinion amounts to but little. Formerly it was the decided fashion for a gentleman to take the right side. Now the current turns in favor of the left side. This brings him face to face with the lady, makes conversation easy, as the lady is not compelled to turn her head as when the gentleman is on the other side, and gives the gentleman better opportunity to assist the lady in case assistance is needed. It was formerly argued that the gentleman should not ride on the left side because of the flapping of the long riding skirt and because he was in danger of crushing the lady's feet, by riding too near, &c. The skirt bugaboo is no longer in that catalogue and a careful horseman can certainly manage his horse so as not to inconvenience the lady. But people differ as to all this.

AUGUSTUS, Morrison, Ill., asks: "To whom does Byron refer in the 23d stanza of the third canto of Child Harold's Pilgrimage, when he speaks of 'Brunswick's fated Chieftain'? 2. Who were Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and what was their fate? I find their names in a speech made by Mr. Tallmadge."—Byron probably refers to Frederick William of Brunswick, fourth son of Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand, duke of Brunswick. Frederick William was a Prussian General in the Napoleonic wars. He at one time took refuge with his army in England. He was killed at Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815. 2. John Arbuthnot was one of the celebrated authors and wits of Queen Anne's reign. He was intimate with Pope, Swift, Gay, Parnell, Gray, and in this brilliant circle it is said he was unequaled for learning and unsurpassed for wit. The wrote "The History of John Bull" and numerous other humorous books. Arbuthnot was the son of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman. He was born in Scotland in 1675 and died in London Feb. 27, 1735.

C. A. R., Isabella, Michigan.—The Congressional *Globe* is published at Washington, D. C., by F. & J. Rives, and Geo. Bailey. It is the official paper of Congress and the terms are $2 per month for short session of Congress, or for long session $10 for the session.

J. W. W., Texas, Ohio:—Dexter's best time was given last week, with proper explanations.—His best recorded time is 2:17¼.

ALMIRA, Mound City, Kansas.—The Saturday *Evening Post* is published at Philadelphia by H. Peterson & Co. The wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the right hand.

C. L. H., Bourbon, Ind.:—Write for information and advice to Norton S. Townshend, Avon, Lorain Co., Ohio.

L. H. BIGGS, Prairie Creek, Ind.—We have not heard of the case in which persons offered a reward of $1,000 for return of a stolen child. As there are some hundreds of newspapers published in Ohio, we cannot give a list in this column.

A CONSTANT READER writes: "What is the auroraborealis. Webster says it is 'northern lights;' but what are northern lights? What causes the aurora to appear? We have had a very brilliant display at times in the past year, and I wish very much to have the phenomenon explained, if it can be. If there is any known cause for the appearance I desire to know what it is."—We have only theories as to the cause of the aurora. Scientific men have explained it in various ways. One of the latest theories advanced is that the aurora is caused as is the zodiacal light; the sun's corona in time of eclipse; the phosphores[illegible]y illuminates the sky at night in other sections than the north; and that the key to the whole series of phenomena lies in the existence of meteoric bodies traveling separately or in systems round the sun. These, it is estimated, pour in millions on the solar atmosphere and are consumed. It is contended also that icy particles, infinite of quality and of extreme delicacy, traversed by electric currents, constitute the immense luminous network floating in the atmosphere which we term the aurora. The fact that the aurora is generally preceded by a haze or fog or mistiness in the atmosphere, and that a storm or change of temperature often succeeds, is advanced in favor of this theory. The "storm lights" are accounted for in the same way. It is now generally agreed that the great cause of the aurora is electricity. The correspondent will find in the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* for January, 1871, an interesting article on the subject in which the electrical theory is discussed.

BERTHA, Oskaloosa, Ill., writes:—"What were the leading traits in the character of Charlotte Bronte? Has anything more than a short sketch of her life appeared in print? Or is there a book entitled "The Life of Charlotte Bronte?" If so where may it be procured?"—Earnestness, womanliness, energy, fearlessness, united with that peculiar talent which the world calls genius. Her life, written by Mrs. Gaskell, has been published. It is in two volumes, with portrait and other illustrations, and can be procured at nearly any bookstore, or can be ordered through Lee & Shepard, Boston.

W. H. DAGE, Marmsvillo, New York.—We cannot give you any information in regard to the paper referred to. We incline to the opinion that there is no such paper published in Ohio.

J. J. A.—Bakerstown, writes:—"1. Where could a young man of five years experience in teaching common school, possessing good qualifications, best go to secure a good position in the business of teaching. 2. Tell me something about the schools of Toledo—their grades, &c."—If the five years experience has made him a good teacher, to Ohio, Indiana, or Iowa. The schools of Toledo are of a very high character and none but the best teachers are employed. At this date places are full. Teachers sometimes wait months for a position in the schools.

A. V. SHARP, California, Mo.—The book "Six Months at the White House" is, perhaps, out of print. An odd copy may be procured for you by T. J. Brown, Toledo.

GEO. A. MILLER.—You will find the man reliable. His reputation for straightforward dealing is very good among business men and others.

R. B. P., Lafayette, asks:—"1, Are there any Physicians in Ohio and Indiana practicing the Thomsonian system of medicine? If so, are they many or a few? 2. Is the system gaining ground? 3. If I renew my subscription for the BLADE and send you $2, am I not entitled to a copy of Whitney's Musical Guest, if I desire it? (or any other publication on the list by remitting the prices annexed,")—There are few physicians of the Thomsonian school. 2. The system is not gaining ground but the Eclectic system, which adopts many of the peculiar notions of the Thomsonians is making progress. 3. Yes.

GEO. C. HOGABOOM, Forest, Ill., writes:—"I have a grandfather living who served in the war of 1812, and I wish you to advise me how to proceed in order to procure the pension he is entitled to."—Apply to the pension agent of your district. He will furnish blanks, forms and directions.

SIMPLE SIMON, Logan, Iowa.—If you wish to become acquainted with a young lady, ask some of her friends to introduce you and pursue the acquaintance, with due regard to the lady's feelings. Your writing is not good. Book peddlers require no license. It can scarcely be called a profitable business. We do not vouch for our advertisers.

J. N. H., West Farmington, Ohio, writes: "Is there any government land in Florida. Is it safe for a northern man to go there. Who can I write to for circulars and a description of the country."—There is government land in Florida. It is safe for a Northern man to go there. Write for information to the Register of the Land Office at Tallahasse, Florida.

## Miscellany.

### THE NORTH-WESTERN FIRES.

### Graphic Account of of the Destruction of Peshtigo, by Captain J. H. Hauser—Scenes and Incidents.

From the Fond du Lac Commonwealth.

The first news of a great disaster is generally exaggerated, but the first reports of the recent fires in the north western part of this State fell far short of the truth. When we heard that Peshtigo was burned, and sixty lives lost, every one said that it was an exaggeration. They could not understand how, in a village, so many lives could be lost; but a recent visit to the fields of desolation and death made us wonder how any were saved.

From Oconto, twenty-five miles north of Green Bay, we went by teams through the burnt district to the Sugar Bush, Peshtigo, and Marinette. The fire came close to Oconto, the people having to work heroically to save the city. For the first eight miles north of the city the country was burned over, destroying immense quantities of timber and some houses. Scarcely an acre of ground escaped unburned. If the owners could cut the pine which was burned so badly as to kill it, and get it manufactured into lumber this year, the loss would not be so fearful; but it would be impossible to cut so much in one year.

Eight miles north of Oconto the tornado began its terrible work of destruction. From this point to Peshtigo, a distance of twelve miles, the timber was very heavy. Where the tornado began the timber was mostly pine, and further on it consisted of oak, beach, and maple, many trees running up eighty feet to the first limbs. It is probable that the tornado carried the fire along with it with wonderful rapidity. For mile after mile not a tree of any size was left standing, only a sapling here and there, bending to the blast, withstood the storm. The trees were blown down, the roots, in many instances after the trees had fallen, standing twelve to fifteen feet high, with rocks and dirt among them, were left. The ground was either covered with ashes or burned until it looked red. The underbrush, the small limbs of the trees, the bark, the leaves—were all burned. It seems impossible that a week ago it was a forest of evergreen trees.

Wherever there was a culvert in the road built of logs, and covered with ground, it was burned; also the logs in the corduroy road, leaving the ground hollow. There was no sign of life, either animal or vegetable. Deer and partridges were lying along the road burned to death. About fifteen miles north of Oconto is the lower Sugar Bush settlement. The road through the bush runs east and west. The land is cleared back and cultivated about three-quarters of a mile on each side of the road. The farm houses were scattered along this road for a distance of five miles. Not a building nor a fence is left. The clover fields were burnt over as if stubble; every stump was burnt black and in many instances in plowed fields the stumps were burned entirely up, leaving holes in the ground where the roots had been. The heat must have been intense. We saw the iron work of a wagon by the road side, and there was no evidences of any combustible material near the wagon, and yet not a splinter of wood work of the wagon was left. The skeins had dropped in their proper places, with the ties lying around them. The chain used to fasten the oxen to the wagon was stretched out from where the forward axle would have been, and at the other end of the chain lay the irons of the end of the tongue.

Near by where every farm house had stood, were lying dead horses, cattle and hogs. Some of the horses were harnessed and bridled. Through this settlement runs a small stream of water; the fish in it were dead. In this district but one family were saved. They ran down into a creek behind a small mound of earth; others went into the stream, but were found dead. None of the inhabitants were burned in their houses. They were found scattered in the fields. Twenty-six bodies were found in one field.

A Mr. May was found three quarters of a mile northwest of his house, his wife about the same distance north, and his little boy, four years old, the same distance northeast. The Newberry families, consisting of seventeen persons, were all lost. They lived near each other. They owned a mill and three farms. Old Mr. Newberry was not found, Charles Newberry ran about half a mile and fell, and his two little boys, running hand in hand, were found a little beyond their father, lying side by side, while wife and mother was found on the road near a bridge; she forgetful of her own suffering, tried to save her babe. Her charred hand was pressing the head of her child upon the ground so that it might not breathe the fire. The child's face was all that was uninjured. One of the Newberrys was found dead in the water under the bridge.

Charles Lamb took his wife and four children in a wagon when the fire began; the horse became unmanagable and ran away; the children were thrown out one by one; Mrs. Lamb was thrown out, Mr. Lamb was dragged into the corner of a field, and was the only one of that family saved. Mrs. Caroline England, expecting to be confined every hour, rode four and a half miles to Peshtigo, stood in the water five hours, saved three out of four of her sister's children, and gave birth to a daughter the day after. In the middle of Sugar Bush, a boy jumped into a barrel of rain water that stood near the house, but seeing his father and mother in a green turnip patch, started to go to them; but getting badly burned as he tried to climb the fence, he went back and got into the barrel again. The father and mother were burned. The boy was found there, two days after, alive.

One woman with a baby ten days old, and four other small children, displayed more bravery than many a general on the battle field. She gathered her children around her and picked the coals off her family as they fell. She was badly burned, and one of her children has since died, but the babe escaped. Mr. Tanner tried to save his wife and two children; when his wife fell dead, he took a child under each arm and started on the run. His children died in his arms, and then he drew a knife and tried to take his own life. After stabbing himself twice, and before he could accomplish his design, a limb of a tree knocked him insensible, and thus his life was saved.

I will mention one case of a little girl, 12 years old, who saved her little sister from death, but who was advised by many to desist from the attempt lest she herself should perish. She heeded them not, but by the most heroic efforts she succeeded in rescuing her little sister from the merciless flames. Her father, mother, brothers, and other sisters perished in the devouring element. And after the fire had abated somewhat, she worked away back over hot ashes and burning coals, and dragged the dead bodies of her relatives out into an open space, and then stood watching their charred remains all day and through that long and desolate night that followed. That is child heroism, the like of which, was never recorded.

One man was sick of typhoid fever; a young man stopping with him took the sick man out back of the house and buried him in the sand. He was saved, and is rapidly gaining his health.

On Friday last, 26 dead bodies were found in the woods, and Saturday 36. The woods and fields are literally full of dead bodies, and many were burned entirely up.

On Sunday night, Oct. 8, just after the churches were closed, for half an hour there reigned the stillness of death. The smoke settled down so thickly that the darkness, like Egyptian, could be felt. Then came light gusts of wind, and in the south was seen through the smoke and darkness faint glimmers of light. The earth trembled, and the roar of the approaching tornado and the shock of the falling trees broke the awful stillness. No one could realize the approaching danger, when, in a moment, the holocaust was upon them. The fire, in its maddening rage, could not keep pace with the wind, and trees, and houses, and men were blown down that they might be more readily consumed. Men, women and children rose again to rush like specters through the flames, and fell separated from each other. In this terrible moment men thought the terrible moment had come when the earth should be burnt, and they bowed themselves to offer their last prayer. More might have been saved had not this conviction seized them. One man gathered his family into his store, and resignedly walked to and fro in the room, awaiting the awful consequences, and if they believed in prophecy, had they not reason for this belief? "A day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they run. The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble and the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining."

The best data gave the loss in the Sugar Bush and Peshtigo at eight hundred. On the east shore forty bodies were found in one field. They had fled to the field hoping to escape, and they ran in the worst place possible. Small clearings were more safe than large fields.

J. H. HAUSER.

### Graphic Description of the Destruction of Manistee.

General Byron K. Cutcheon contributes to the Grand Rapids *Eagle* the following vivid description of the burning of Manistee:

I will give your readers as intelligible and clear an account as I can of the

ORIGIN, PROGRESS AND EXTENT OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

Manistee Lake is a body of water nearly five miles long and from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile wide, lying nearly parallel with, and about a mile or two from Lake Michigan. Near the northern extremity it is connected with the latter lake by the Manistee River a large navigable stream, from 75 to 125 yards in width. On the north side of the river, between the two lakes, lay the First Ward of the city, and on the south side of the river (toward Grand Rapids,) and adjacent to it, divided nearly equally by Maple street, on which was the swing bridge, lay the Third ward, next the Manistee, or as it is more generally called "little lake," and the Second ward to the west, next the "big lake," or Lake Michigan. To the southeast, bordering on the "little lake" was the Fourth ward. The Third was the most populous and embraced the greater part of the foreign and poor population. The Second ward was the best built part of the town, especially that part between Oak and Maple streets. Within the city limits, and directly south of the space embraced between the latter named streets, was a tract of about twenty acres of dead hemlock forest—the trees partly standing and partly lying upon the ground, but the whole as dry as tinder and as combustible as gunpowder.

On the fatal Sunday, October 8, the fire alarm sounded at about 9 A. M., and the Fire Department hastened with the steamer to the vicinity of Gifford & Ruddeck's mills in the Fourth Ward, where an old chopping was burning furiously, and threatening destruction to that part of town. By the most unwearied efforts, continued all day, the fire was subdued, and that part of the town was saved. About dark the engine returned to its quarters. It was scarcely housed when the wind, which had been blowing heavy all day, rose to a perfect gale.

At about 2 P. M., while the fire in the Fourth Ward was burning, an alarm whistle was heard from the east side of Manistee Lake, and through the thick smoke it was discovered that the large steam mill of Magill & Canfield, on Blackbird Island, was in flames. In an incredibly short space of time, mill, boarding-house, stables, shops, docks and lumber were consumed.

As soon as darkness began to close in, a lurid light appeared in the south-west on the shore of Lake Michigan, showing the pine woods that line the shore were on fire. About 9:30 P. M., just as the people were returning from evening services, the fire alarm again sounded, and every one now was on the alert, for the wind was blowing a fierce gale. Instantly a red angry glare lighted up the western sky near the mouth of the river. The fire department rushed to the rescue. At the mouth were located the large mill and interests of John Canfield, with boarding-house and about twenty-five or thirty dwellings. On the beach several acres were covered with pine sawdust, highly inflammable. Along the river near the piers were piled several hundred cords of dry pine slabs (fuel for tugs.) Down from the circling hills on the lake shore pounced the devouring monster. The burning sawdust, whirled by the gale in fiery clouds, filled the air. Hundreds of cords of dry pitchy slabs sent up great columns of red flame, that swayed in the air like mighty banners of fire swept across the Manistee, 200 feet wide, and almost instantly, like great fiery tongues, licked up the Government lighthouse, built at a cost of nearly $10,000, and situated 150 feet from the north bank of the river.

A large fleet of vessels, wind bound, lay opposite Canfield's mill, with four tugs, including the three large barges of Tyson & Robinson and the great steam tug Bismarck. Now commenced a furious effort to remove the vessels and barges. The wild puffing and screaming of tugs, the hoarse hallooing of sailors, the loud roaring and crackling of the flames, the awestricken faces of the gathered multitude, luridly lighted, made up a scene never to be forgotten or adequately described. The efforts of the firemen were in vain—the engine became disabled, and the flames came sweeping all before them. But now

A NEW SOURCE OF TERROR

arose. A bright light came up out of the south, directly in the rear of the town, and the fierce gale bearing it on directly toward the doomed city. Those who resided in that part of the town rushed to the new scene of danger, the full extent of which few comprehended. The fire had originated two miles south of the city, on the lake shore. It first came upon the farm of L. G. Smith, Esq., which it devoured. Eighty rods north the extensive farm and dairy of E. W. Secor shared the same fate, with all his barns and forage. Another quarter of a mile and the large farm buildings of Mayor Peters were quickly annihilated. Here the column of fire divided, the left hand branch keeping to the lake shore hills, and coming in at the mouth; the other taking a north-easterly course and coming in directly south of the town, as before described. Here a small band of determined men, fighting with the energy of despair to protect their homes, kept it at bay till past midnight. But all was vain—at half-past twelve o'clock the gale became a tornado, hurling great clouds of sparks, cinders, burning bark and rotten wood through the air in

A TERRIFIC FIERY STORM.

Every man now fled to his own house. The fire now came roaring on through the dead hemlocks, south of the blocks included between Maple and Oak streets in the Second Ward. The flames leaped to the summits of the great hemlocks, seventy or eighty feet high, and threw out great flags of fire against the lurid heavens. The scene was grandly terrible beyond description. To us, whose homes and dear ones and all were in the track of fire, it was heart rending. Then came

A DELUGE OF FIRE,

like that which rained on the cities of the Plains. The wooden town, the sawdust streets, the stumpy vacant lots, the pile clad hills north of the river, all burst into a sea of flame, made furious by the most fearful gale of wind I have ever experienced. On, toward the river and the Manistee lake, spread the tempest of fire. Men, women, and children, in night clothes, half clothed or fully clothed—some bareheaded, on foot, in wagons, on horseback,—all fled for their lives. It was pandemonium on earth. Families were separated—husbands and wives, parents and children. The writer, when he gave over the unequal contest south of the town, rushed to his residence to find it destroyed, and for nine hours he could get no word whether his family were dead or alive. They had fled before the tempest of fire across the bridge, which burned behind them, only to be surrounded and almost to perish in the smoke and fire on the north side. Every thing went down before the storm—dwellings with their home treasures, mills with their machinery, stores and their stocks, warehouses and their contents, the fine swing bridge at the foot of Maple street, vessels and their cargoes, all mingling in common ruin.

From Fifth street, half a mile south of the river, to Cushman & Calkin's mill, half a mile north of the bridge, and from the foot of Oak street eastward to Tyson & Robinson's mill at the outlet of Manistee lake, three-fourths of a mile, was one surging sea of fire. The steam fire engine burnt in the street where it stood, the men and horses barely escaping with their lives. About three o'clock the wind abated, but the work of ruin was complete. When Monday morning's sun glared red and lurid through the heavy masses of smoke, where had stood Manistee, it beheld

A SCENE OF DESOLATION,

Scarcely to be described. In the First Ward three buildings remained—the Catholic Church, the Ward School house and a small dwelling—and I should add some small fishing shanties near the mouth of the river. The Third Ward was swept clean except a few buildings near Manistee Lake. In the Second Ward the six platted blocks lying between Oak and Maple streets, and about thirty buildings near the mouth, were swept away. The Fourth Ward escaped nearly untouched, the fine residence of J. L. Taylor, banker, formerly the residence of M. Engleman, situated in the very corner of the ward, being the only one burned. His loss was great and almost total. The fire made thorough work. The buildings were built mostly on wooden foundations, and their very site was scarcely distinguishable.

A THOUSAND PEOPLE HOMELESS.

A thousand men, women and children, houseless, homeless, and many of them penniless, wandered sad and blinded in the black and smoking streets, or had taken refuge on vessels, tugs, boats and barges to escape the devouring element. Nothing but the cleared fields of Messrs. Canfield and Peters, south of the western part of the Second ward, saved that part of the town from utter annihilation, and hundreds from perishing in the tempest of fire.

THE AFTER SCENES.

The writer of this, at ten o'clock the next morning, found his family three miles northeast of the desolated city, having barely escaped with their lives, with the scanty clothing snatched in the moment of flight. Then was seen a spectacle to gladden the heart! Every house that remained was opened to receive the sufferers. Hearts and hands were as open as the homes. We almost felt it worth while to suffer for the sake of witnessing how much of generosity was latent in human nature.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Manistee will rise from her ashes. The work of rebuilding has already commenced. We have hope, faith, energy in the future, and some capital. We have a splendid natural situation, at the mouth of a beautiful navigable stream penetrating the interior through the pine forests, 200 miles, on whose banks stand four thousand five hundred million feet of good pine, most of which must be manufactured at and shipped from Manistee. Help us throuhh this winter, and the future, though dimmed, is safe.

The Governors of both Michigan and Wisconsin have issued proclamations calling upon the charitable throughout the country, to aid their afflicted citizens by donations of clothing and money.

### CHICAGO ITEMS.

We glean the following interesting items from the Chicago papers:

SUPPLIES ON HAND.—There are at present in store the following supplies: Flour and breadstuffs, 2,000 barrels; meat, 30,000 pounds; stoves, 200; blankets, 20,000; clothing, 550 cases; potatoes, 6,500 bushels; matresses, 600; and a large amount of soap and miscellaneous articles. From this it will be seen that while there is a large and promising supply of breadstuffs, the meat and small groceries are not as plentiful as could be desired. However, a rigid economy will be brought to bear, and none but the needy will be assisted. There are at present rations for 150 000 persons for one day, or for about 35,000 persons for four days, which is supposed to be an approximate estimate of the number needing succor.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—The Custom House officials visited the rooms of that building on Tuesday, and recovered from the basement about $350,000 in gold and $6,000 in silver, which was in the sub-Treasury safe. Before the fire the safe contained $2,000,000 in greenbacks, $393 in gold and $6,000 in silver. When it fell from the second floor, the door was forced open, and its contents were distributed over the basement floor. The greenbacks were burned, no trace of them being found. A large part of the silver and gold was melted, and will have to be recoined. Seventy six bags full—all that were recovered—were shipped yesterday to Philadelphia by Collector McLain. Search for the remaining money will be made in a few days. In the meantime the guard will keep strict watch over the building, and not allow any strangers to approach the place where the money is supposed to be.

PASSES.—The Committee on Transportation has also been extremely busy. On Tuesday there were issued from the three district headquarters 455 passes, conveying from town 992 persons. At Standard Hall, Mr. George M. Pullman issued passes to 406 persons, of whom 98 were men, 169 women and 159 children. At the Shot Tower, Mr. E. M. Blatchford issued passes to 266 persons, of whom 50 were men, 111 women, and 105 children, Mr. Downs, from the First Congregational Church, issued passes to 320 persons. No exact records were kept.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It is said that William B. Ogden estimates his entire losses by the fire in Chicago and in the Wisconsin prairies at between four and five millions of dollars. Cyrus H. McCormick states his loss as being not less than three-quarters of a million, and says he will immediately borrow half a million and begin rebuilding.

On the 15th inst., Potter Palmer telegraphed to A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, as follows: "Messrs. Allen & Mackey, and all other firms with whom I am interested, either as special or general partner, will pay in full at maturity. Please inform the trade."

A Chinaman's account of the Chicago calamity is as follows: "Melican-Ilish boy take kelosine lamp and milk cow; cow kick over lamp; up go Chicago."

A correspondent asks, "What has become of the pawnbrokers?" He wants to know if they have packed up their pledges and left the city, and, if they have not, desires them to "hang out their shingles," that persons having articles may redeem them.

PRODUCE MARKETS.—A great improvement was apparent in grain circles yesterday. Since the fire the produce markets have been very weak, owing to a universal desire to realize on property held here, for the double reason that money was scarce, and insurance considered to be doubtful. Hence prices of grain fell with a "looseness." Yesterday it seemed as if all the weak holders had sold out, and prices rallied. There is now reason to hope that our produce markets, which are so intimately identified with the commercial prosperity of the city, will be more healthy during the coming winter than usual. Grain is being sent Eastward at the rate of 400,000 bushels per day, and the shipments are so far in excess of the receipts that the present rate of decrease would empty our elevators in about three weeks, leaving them free to receive the liberal quantities that will be sent in during the winter. If our present stocks of grain could be converted into cash, it would add largely to the ability of the city to rebuild, though it is true that a considerable portion of that grain is owned by parties not resident in Chicago.—*Tribune*.

EMPLOYMENT.—There is employment here for all who choose to work. The demand for laborers and mechanics is largely in excess of the supply, and suitable and satisfactory wages are paid. Laborers receive $2 a day, and mechanics from $2 50 to $3 50, according to their skill, and the trade they profess. Brick-layers can get $4 a day, and can find employment until winter compels all out-door occupations to stop.

WATER.—The large pumping works at the Waterworks are finished at last, and an abundance of pure lake water is now flowing from every hydrant in the city. Since the flames have subsided over three hundred machinists have been employed night and day in the careful repair and inspection of the great engine, which was not so much injured that it could not be readily repaired. It was an enormous undertaking, and is a mechanical achievement of which Chicago can well be proud. Chicago breathes freely again.

BUILDING PERMITS.—The Board of Public Works is doing a brisk business in the way of building permits, the record of which furnishes an excellent idea of the extent to which Chicago has set about rebuilding herself. From the morning of Tuesday, October 10th, the day after the great fire had burned itself out, there have been fifty permits issued by the Board, all of these being for substantial and permanent buildings in the burnt district. No account is taken of the wooden structures springing up all over the city, for which no permits are necessary. For the temporary wooden buildings along Lake Park, on Michigan, no permits are issued, the Board merely granting the privilege of occupying the lots "for the period of one year or more at the discretion of the Board; the building to be erected thereon to be a one-story building on not over twenty-feet posts." So reads the leases being filled out by the Secretary of the Board. In each instrument is stipulated the rent of the ground—$750 per annum if a corner lot, and $500 for an inside lot, each having a frontage of twenty-five feet, and a depth of two hundred feet.

## The Markets.

### New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26 1871.

Cotton in fair demand but at lower rates; middling uplands 18¾c. Flour dull and lower; receipts 25,000 bbls; superfine western and state $6 @6 25; common to good extra $6 50@6 85; good to choice $6 85@7 30, white western extra $7 30@7 60; Ohio extras $6 80@7 35; St Louis $7 15@9 25. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged. Whiskey firm at 94½@95c. Wheat opened dull but closed active; receipts 481,000 bu; spring No 2 at 146@150c; No 1 150@154c; winter red western 150@154c; amber 157@158c; winter 158@168c; choice 170c. Rye, Barley and Malt dull. Corn firm; receipts 48,000 bu; western mixed afloat 75@76½c; yellow 77c. Oats in fair demand at better prices; receipts 116,000 bu western and Ohio at 50@51½c. Hay and Hops are quiet. Coffee in good demand; Rio 18½@20½c. Sugar dull; fair to good refinery 9@9½c; Cuba 8¾@9½c. Molasses dull but unchanged. Rice 8½@9c. Crude Petroleum 14@14½c; refined 23@23½c. Pork steady; mess $13@13 15; prime $10 25; prime mess $11 25; May, June and July delivery $14 25. Beef and Cut Meats are unchanged. Middles heavy; long clear, Stretford's, $8¾@9 00. Lard heavy; No 1 steam at 9½@10c; prime kettle rendered 10½c. Butter is steady; western 12@20c; state 15@30c. Cheese heavy at 11@13c.

### Toledo Produce Market.

TUESDAY MORNING, Oct. 24.

Flour slightly depressed and market somewhat inactive. We quote various grades: Fine $4 25@$5; Superfine $4 75@$5; Extra $5 25@5 75; XX and Fancy, $6 25@7 75; Buckwheat $6 50@6 75; Rye $5@5 25. Wheat—In consequence of the uncertainty prevailing in financial circles during the greater part of the past week, transaction were restricted and the volume of trade not so large as the week previous. Prices fluctuated considerably; but as confidence is again restored we may anticipate a steadier market the coming week.—The leading grades are dull and lower. We quote: Spot Amber, 142c; options, 143c buyer October and seller November. No 1 White Michigan held at 147c, with 146c bid. No 2 White Wabash nominal; held at 148c; No 3 do, nominal. No 1 Red, 140c; No 2 do, 134½@135c. Corn—Fair trade at lower prices as follows: High-mixed, 56½c; New High-mixed, 55½c; Low-mixed dull at 55½c; White, 56½c. Oats—Market quiet at a decline of about 2c at 37c. No 2 Oats lower at 35½c. Rye sells at 76c for No 1. Barley, 65@75c for spring and 70@75c for winter. Clover Seed, $5 75@5 85. Timothy, $2 75. Flax $1 60@1 65. Potatoes—50@60c as to quality and kind. Apples—Green, $2@2 50 ₩ bbl. Butter, 23@25c for fresh tub, 18@20c for fresh keg, and 12½c for common. Mill Feed—Bran $18@$19; Shorts, $20@$21; Middlings $27@$29.

### Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 23.

Cotton dull and prices are nominal; low middling 17½@18c. Flour dull and prices drooping; family $6 40@6 60. Wheat dull and prices drooping; red 135@140c. Corn—demand fair and market firm; old ear 53c; new 42@43c. Rye dull and prices have declined—78@80c. Oats—demand fair and market firm at 36@40c. Barley quiet and unchanged at 70@85c. Hops scarce and firm at 70@75c. Coffee—demand fair and prices advanced; prime 24½@25c. Sugar steady with a moderate demand; extra 78@80c. Eggs butter and cheese unchanged. Pork dull and prices nominal at $12 50. Lard quiet and weak at 9@9½c.—Bulk meats dull, but holders not willing to make concessions; no sales; asking 6¼@6½c. Bacon quiet and weak; asking 7@7½c@7¾c. Whiskey—demand fair and market firm at 91c.

### Milwaukee Market.

MILWAUKEE, Oct 23.

Flour dull and unchanged. Wheat quiet and weak; No 1 Milwaukee 120c; No 2 do 118½c. Oats dull but unchanged. Corn in fair demand at lower rates; No 2 mixed 46c. Rye steady with a moderate demand; No 1 62c. Barley dull and prices drooping; No 2 Spring 56. Freights—to Buffalo 12c; Oswego 19c.

### Philadelphia Market.

Oct. 5, 1871.

Flour firm; Indiana and Ohio, $7@$7 50.—Wheat quiet; red western, 155c. Corn dull and unsettled; yellow 75@76c; new 63@66c; mixed western 72@73c. Oats dull and lower; white western 48@49c. Petroleum unchanged. Whiskey steady at 10¢c.

### Baltimore Market.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 23.

Flour dull but unchanged. Wheat dull; Indiana and Ohio at 150@157c. Corn quiet; mixed western 78@75c. Oats dull at 46@48c. Provisions unchanged. Butter heavy, receipts depress the market; unchanged. Whiskey sells at 95@96c.

### Cleveland Market.

October 23.

Wheat dull but firmer. No. 1 red winter 136c; No 2 red winter 133c. Corn steady with a moderate demand; low-mixed 58c. Oats dull and prices are nominal; held at 39c; 38½c bid. Rye steady with a moderate demand; No. 2 at 75c. Petroleum steady; refined 24½@25c; crude $5 45@5.50.

### Detroit Market.

DETROIT, Oct. 23.

Wheat dull and prices drooping, 1@2c lower; extra 155c; No 1 white 147½c; amber 149c.

### Oswego Market.

OSWEGO, Oct. 23.

Flour steady; spring $7 50; amber $8 25. Wheat dull; No 1 Milwaukee 148c.

### Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—Beeves—total to-day 8,665, of which, 3,800 came from Illinois; 800 from Kentucky; 1,208 from Ohio; 1,000 from Texas; 300 from New York. There were 152 cars at Communipaw; 108 at 100th street and 90 at Weehawken. Most droves came through in original bands, making a very large number of owners.—Quality fair; most Texans are slaughtered by receivers. The market is overstocked and is depressed. The was a decline of about ½c before night; even then few cattle were left. Range was from 5 to 11c for thin to prime; some very Texans lower and few pairs of first class sold up to 12c and 12½c, but fine cattle is 11½c; average scarcely 10c. 8 cars of Texans 1,100 lbs at [illegible] weight, [illegible] per cwt; 5 cars of the same weight, [illegible]; [illegible] lbs hard lot of 5 cars of Illinois, per cwt. 9¾@10c; 7 cars of Ohio [illegible] per cwt. 10@11c; 5 cars choice per cwt. 11@11¾c. Sheep—41,400 for the week and 8,700 to-day. Market slow at ¼c decline or 4¾@6c for sheep and 6@8¾c for lambs. Car extra 150 lbs Canada sheep 6¼c; car 82 lbs Ohio 5¾c. Car 75 lbs State at 5½c. Car 74 lbs Canada lambs 7¼c. Car 76 lbs at 7¼c. Hogs 41,100 total, and 13,500 to-day. The market is overstocked, and prices of live selling at 4¾@5c, and dressed at 5¾@6c; car of Ohio sold at 5½c; car 215 lbs at 5 3-16. Plain dressed are beginning to arrive.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23.—Beeves dull; sales of 3,600 extra Pennsylvania and western steers at 6¾@8½c; a few choice at 7c; fair to good 5¾@6½c; common 4@5c per lb. Sheep firmer; sales 15,000 at 4@5¾c per lb. Hogs firmer, sales 4,000 at $7 50@7 85.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 23.—Hogs dull but unchanged at $5 75@6 25.

### Louisville Market.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 23.

Bagging quiet and firmer; 16¾@18c. Cotton dull and prices have declined to 18¾c. Flour quiet and nothing doing; extra family, $6 50. Grain quiet and firm: wheat 145@150c; corn 50@55c; oats 38c; rye 75c. Provisions quiet and steady. Mess Pork, $13 50. Bacon—shoulders 7½c, clear rib sides, 8c, clear sides 8¾c. Sugar-cured Hams 16½c. Lard 9¾@11¼c. Whiskey firm at 91c.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### The Means of Escape.

The fall has many perils for the weak and feeble, and its sudden atmospheric changes are trying to the constitutions of even the robust. The chilling temperature of the nights, as compared with the almost summer warmth of the days, necessarily exercises an unhealthy influence on all who are exposed to it. Hence dysentery, diarrhœa, intermittent fevers, bilious attacks and derangements of all the secretions, are common at this season. The true way to escape them is to meet the causes with a protective and invigorating medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are designed for this exigency. This powerful vegetable specific relieves the system of all acrid humors, purifies the fluids, tones the secretive organs, promotes healthy evaporation through the pores, increases the activity of the digestive functions, cheers the spirits, and regulates the bowels. To do this is to make the whole body vigorous, and render it proof against the vicissitudes of temperature, and against malaria. A course of the great tonic and alterative is therefore in all cases advisable as a preventive at this season. If, on the other hand, the mischief is already done, and intermittent or remittent fever is actually present, or the liver, bowels, or stomach disordered, there is no medicine so certain to effect a quick and thorough cure as this harmless and agreeable preparation. oct26w1t

## R. R. R.

## Radway's Ready Relief

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

**The Only Pain Remedy**

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

**In from One to Twenty Minutes,**

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, Rheumatic, Be-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA.
CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters, as a stimulant.

**FEVER AND AGUE.**

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

## DR. RADWAY'S

## Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

### The Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

**Kidney and Bladder Complaints,**

Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

**Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.**

BEVERLY, Mass., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the Doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended; but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

**AN IMPORTANT LETTER**

from a prominent gentleman and resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the past forty years well known to the book publishers throughout the U. S.:

NEW YORK, Oct. 11th, 1870.

DR. RADWAY—Dear Sir:—I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of the working of your medicine on myself. For several years I had been affected with some trouble in the bladder and urinary organs, which some twelve months ago culminated in a most terribly affecting disease, which the physicians all said was a prostatic stricture in the urethra, as also inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and gave it as their opinion that my age —73 years—would prevent my ever getting radically cured. I had tried a number of physicians, and had taken a large quantity of medicine both allopathic and homeopathic, but had got no relief. I had read of astonishing cures having been made by your remedies; and some four months ago I read a notice in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of a cure having been effected on a person who had long been suffering as I had been.—I went right off and got some of each—your Sarsaparillian Resolvent, Ready Relief and Regulating Pills—and commenced taking them. In three days I was greatly relieved, and now feel as well as ever.

C. W. JAMES, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## DR. RADWAY'S

## Perfect Purgative Pills,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

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